

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 502

Week Ending
NOVEMBER 3, 1928

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

WHAT IS I·SEE·ALL?

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A LITTLE THING FROM KATTOWITZ

POOR MAN WITH A
BRAINThe Good Fortune That Came
From Meeting An Englishman

A PERFECTLY TRUE STORY

*Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou
shalt find it after many days.*

This is the story of a man who did cast his bread, and found that it returned to him a hundredfold after not many days.

In the summer of 1927 an Englishman happened to spend a few days in the Polish town of Kattowitz. He was an engineer, but his mind was not too full of figures and calculations to be intensely interested in the conditions around him.

Terrible Poverty

What struck him acutely was the terrible poverty in the place. Never had he seen anything like it. In England it would be unthinkable for beggars to swarm into cafés, asking alms from people sitting at the tables, yet that was a daily happening in Kattowitz, and nobody bothered much about it, except when the beggars became too numerous. Then the police would appear and drive them out of the place.

One evening, as he was sitting in a café, a poorly-dressed man came up to his table. The Englishman's keen eyes noticed that this man had evidently seen better days, and, feeling sorry for the man, he gave him a few coins for a little cardboard novelty he was selling. It was sheer good nature that prompted his action, but as he looked at the thing lying on the table before him the dawn of an idea crept into his head.

He called the man back, and asked for his name and address. The man, greatly wondering, half fearing, gave it to him.

What Happened in a Year

That, for the time being, was the end of the incident, for the Englishman left Kattowitz the next day. Soon afterwards he reached Vienna, and there visited a great friend of his, an Englishman representing a well-known British firm. Our engineer took the cardboard toy out of his pocket. "I've got something really interesting to show you," he told his friend.

The two put their heads together. Both were keen business men, and knew a good idea when they saw it, even in the form of a crude home-made toy. They realised that it would make one of the cleverest advertising novelties ever known, and the Englishman who lived in Vienna said he would arrange for his firm to take it up.

"Very well," said the engineer, who was not an Englishman for nothing; "here's the man's name and address."

That was a year ago, and much may happen in a year. Our Englishman got

The Gentleman of the Fifth



No longer does Guy Fawkes terrify his countrymen.
This is what he has come to in three hundred years.

on with his engineering, and was far too busy to give much thought to an unfortunate Pole in far-off Kattowitz. But his friend in Vienna had not been idle, and the Pole in Kattowitz knew the meaning of the word gratitude. One day a letter came.

It was a remarkable letter, and it was from the Pole of Kattowitz. This Polish vagrant, who had haunted the cafés of Kattowitz, had received large orders from Vienna for his cardboard toy, and had made a sum equal to four thousand pounds in English money!

That alone was enough to gladden the Englishman's heart, but there was more to come, for in return for what they had done for him without any thought of reward the Pole made a present to the Englishman and his Viennese friend of the British and American patent rights in his toy.

The Pole had made a small fortune, and it looks as if the Englishmen may

do the same, for already big firms are making offers for this little novelty, once made by a begging hand in Kattowitz, and may soon be made in thousands or hundreds of thousands.

What exactly the toy is we may not say at present, but we have seen it and it is good. And this story of it is true in every word. What fairy tale can beat it?

AMERICA'S PEACE CASUALTIES

American citizens are killed by accidents at home in peace time twice as fast as they were killed in the war.

In the past year 95,000 were killed and ten millions injured by accidents. Among these accidents 23,000 deaths and three million injuries occurred during employment in industry, and the motor-car was responsible for a large proportion of the remainder. School children killed numbered 20,000.

ISLANDS LOSE THEIR LONELINESS

THE GREAT EXCITEMENT
AT BERUCivilisation Reaches a Very
Lonely Spot

A NEW THING HAPPENS

"Hullo, G Z D! Hullo, L M S Beru! Ocean Island speaking! Stand by for a few minutes, please, I have a message for you!"

This was one of the great moments in the lives of the men listening, for they were in one of the remotest and loneliest spots in the world.

The Gilbert Islands are just on the Equator, 2500 miles from Sydney and 3000 miles from San Francisco. The islands are just coral atolls, no more than ten feet above sea-level!

Tinned Food

These remote islands have no regular means of communication with the mainland. A small trading schooner may call once or twice a summer to pick up copra, or none may call at all. The only other link with the outer world is the John Williams, steamer of the London Missionary Society, which usually calls once or twice a year with mails and food, practically all stores having to be taken to them in sealed tins.

It is easy to see that what the Gilbert Islands need is some means of rapid communication with the outer world; and recently friends in England have provided the missionaries there with wireless. The British naval station at Ocean Island has promised to transmit any messages for or from them.

Ocean Island Speaking

Imagine the excitement at the Mission Station at Beru, Gilbert Islands. Two missionaries were seated with ear-phones on their heads and an expression of strained expectancy on their faces. A few preliminary howls, and then a voice! They were through! The voice was addressing a third party, the Island of Nauru, and was speaking of weather conditions, of the quantity of phosphate put on board a waiting vessel that day, and of many other matters. The voice then announced: "Well, that's all for you today. I'm going to speak to Mr. Eastman at Beru now; so Good-bye!"

"Hullo, G Z D! Hullo, L M S Beru! Are you there, Mr. Eastman? Ocean Island speaking! The John Williams arrived here from Nauru at 6 p.m. yesterday, and left again this afternoon for Beru. Your steamer left here today at 3.15 p.m. for your port. On board were Mr. and Mrs. Hannah and child."

For the first time in the history of the Gilbert Islands the missionaries there had received definite information, before the ship's arrival, of its whereabouts; for the first time they could be fairly sure of the date of its appearance.

G.O.M. OF ARGENTINA

HIPOLITO IRIGOYEN

The Man Who Shared the Life of Cowboys Becomes President

SIMPLE MAN OF STRENGTH

About a hundred years ago Mexico and most of South America were in arms against Spain, and ere long had thrown off a yoke they found oppressive.

The other day, at the Spanish Club in Cavendish Square, London, Ministers and other representatives of the Latin American States, together with the eloquent and venerable Spanish Ambassador, Don Alfonso Merry del Val, gathered to celebrate their friendship.

It was most impressive to hear the Spanish Ambassador's words of praise for the heroism which had served to free the republics of New Spain from the dominion of his own land.

Second Time President

No bitterness here, no reproaches. Nothing but sympathy and comradeship and understanding, and faith in the future of the Spanish races. Now we learn that the mighty State of Argentina has selected for her President, and for the second time, just such another single-minded patriot as Bolivar and the other great leaders who gave Latin America her freedom.

Hipolito Irigoyen is his name, and he will soon be 75. But he is full of vigour and youthful energy, and ready to take upon himself all the anxieties and responsibilities of leadership in one of the wealthiest and most progressive countries in the world. Dr. Irigoyen was elected entirely on personal grounds.

Forty-five years ago he was a young police captain. Then he married the daughter of Leandro Alem, a famous old leader of Radicalism, and helped him, in the course of years, to fight against the rule of corruption and privilege. In 1911 he succeeded, by sheer force of character, in making his opponents concede the secret ballot, so that voting should no longer be a matter of corrupt and unconstitutional bargains. And in 1916 he was triumphantly chosen as President by a huge majority.

Saviour of His Country

It was thought that the Radical leader would turn out to be no more than a mob-leader. Things were good in 1916 in Argentina, and Irigoyen kept his country safe from any entanglement in the world war. But when the war was over bad times succeeded, and the agitators began making trouble in the ports. The President, no longer a young man, tackled them like a lion, and within 24 hours had once more saved his country by nipping a general strike in the bud.

When he became President he refused to live in the Red House, the splendid official palace of the President, preferring his own modest lodging over a shop in the humble Calle Brasil. Here he has always lived when in town, the only difference between his days in office or out being that, while he was President, a single soldier guarded his house; but, even so, that one soldier was not in uniform, for the brave old man did not really want him there. And so today, when he becomes President for his second term of six years, Dr. Irigoyen still lives as he has always lived.

A Grand Old Man

He is a man of learning and culture, wise and friendly and accessible to all. Yet much of his life was spent on the wide pampas, fraternising with rough gaucho cowboys and sharing their hardships and privations. He knows the humble folk of the by-streets in Buenos Aires and Rosario just as well.

Small wonder that the grand old man of Argentina is loved and trusted; for he has never sought or taken anything for himself, but served his country and his fellow-citizens faithfully and well.

I SEE ALL

Peter Puck is not the only little fellow in the world who has been puzzled by the mysterious phrase printed in millions of papers in the last few weeks, and seen once again in this week's C.N. Everywhere Peter Puck is asking in vain what *I See All* is. Nobody will tell him. Nobody seems to know.

We have heard many guesses, but have not been able to confirm them. There was the guess that *I See All* is a new invention, something to do with television. We were asked to imagine some little bit of magic you could put in your pocket which would show you anything you want to see. There was the guess that it had something to do with a cat going about seeing in the dark. There was the guess about a sort of X-ray telescope from which nothing could be hid—or perhaps it might be a new sort of camera, or a patent microscope, or a periscope that could get round anywhere.

Kinema or Wireless?

Nothing seems impossible now. A journalist in Fleet Street the other day, liking a picture in a London evening paper, sent it through space across the Atlantic, and in a few hours people in New York were looking at the same picture as the people in London. Perhaps *I See All* might have to do with that, but we do not think so. Our wireless friends know nothing about it. The kinema people are equally puzzled. They can show us many things. They can show us a picture now and then and make it live on the screen, but we can ask them for a thousand things that are not on the film. There is no kinema that can say it sees all.

And yet, wherever we look in a paper now, we see this tantalising thing. *I See All* seems everywhere. That is as it should be, we suppose. It is something very clever, no doubt, but we agree with Peter Puck that it is apt to be a great nuisance, bothering us night and morning. We shall be very glad when the secret is out and we have done with it, if ever we are to be done with it, for perhaps it has come to stay, like the Kettle, or the Pillar-Box, or the Dictionary, or the Bus. You never can tell.

What Will It Do?

Perhaps it is some sort of magic carpet that will take us to see whatever we want to see. We have always wanted to see Taj Mahal; if *I See All* can show us that we shall like it. We have always wanted to see inside Big Ben; perhaps *I See All* will take us there. We have wanted to creep down a molehill or a rabbit-warren; will *I See All* show us things like these? Will it take us round the world to see the wonderful places? Will it run through the past and show us all the kings and popes and other famous people? Will it run us about and show us how the wheels go round? If it can see all, will it show us all the animals and fishes and flowers and trees, all the things and people, all the wonders and the commonplaces, all the things in this world and all the other worlds? How can it show us everything?

Think of the things there are to see. There must be a hundred thousand, and they would fill London if we had only tiny copies of them all. It could hardly be that. We are afraid we shall have to wait and see what *I See All* is going to be. It is something of a claim to make, and after all this worrying we shall not be easily satisfied. Peter Puck wants to know if *I See All* is all moonshine. We do not see the point, but perhaps we shall when we see all.

THE SWAN THAT SWALLOWED THE HOOK

A Story Told Again

THE GOOD WORK OF THE R.S.P.C.A.

The C.N. not long ago published an account of an operation by which a swan's life was saved after it had swallowed an angler's hook, and we gave the credit of the deed to the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham. We told the story as it reached us, but in fairness to the Birmingham Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals we must tell it afresh.

The swan was seen in difficulties on the River Avon at Claverdon, in Warwickshire, by a kindly farmer. It had swallowed a fish-hook attached to a night-line. The farmer cut the line, took the bird to his cowsheds, and told the local police. They telephoned to the dispensary of the Birmingham Branch of the R.S.P.C.A. and an inspector was sent to Claverdon. He brought the bird to the dispensary, where the society's veterinary surgeon decided that it must be X-rayed. The Queen's Hospital staff kindly X-rayed it, and then the veterinary surgeon took the bird back to the dispensary and there extracted the hook.

The Dispensary's Part

When the operation was nearly completed two house surgeons arrived at the dispensary from the hospital through their natural interest in the case, but they took no part in the operation. The bird remained for a fortnight at the dispensary, and then was sufficiently recovered to be returned to the water.

It will be seen that the hospital's part was to find by X-rays where the hook had lodged. The dispensary was the centre round which the rescue revolved. To it the farmer and the police made their appeal, and it, through its experienced staff, carried out the operation and cure.

We are glad to make this necessary correction, giving the chief honour where it is due; and we are the more glad because the Birmingham and District Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has a fine record of humane service.

A Fine Record

Its last report shows that it investigated 685 complaints of cruelty and detected 206 offences, resulting in 69 convictions. The number of cases of suffering animals submitted to the dispensary's veterinary surgeon during the year was 2692. The branch has formed in its district 101 Bands of Mercy, 30 of them being added last year. It has judged 5724 essays by children on kindness to animals, and has awarded 438 prizes and certificates.

Our readers will rejoice with us that so large a share of the credit for the relief of the unfortunate swan belongs to this most energetic and admirable society.

Pictures on page 12

A SAILOR OF THE NAME OF DRAKE

There is a fine old seaman of 65, who enjoys the romantic name of Drake and has been christened the Lone Sea Rover, who is sailing round the world in a boat of his own building.

Captain Thomas Drake went out to America 40 years ago and for 20 years has been sailing boats single-handed. In his last boat, the St. Francis, he sailed 32,000 miles. His present boat, the Pilgrim, a 35-foot two-masted schooner, he built from wood collected along the seashore at Seattle. In this he has already covered some 25,000 miles in less than two years.

Now he has reached Amsterdam and may visit England before setting out for Australia, by the Cape or by the Suez Canal, on his way back to the American Pacific Coast.

THE MOTOR SHOW

Was it the Last?

GOOD AND BAD POINTS OF CARS

The Motor Show has come and gone again, and Olympia has seen the finest cars in the world under inspection by critics and buyers from many lands in the New World and the Old.

The number of people who saw the show was 253,267. Day by day the show was crowded, and day by day multitudes of orders were booked until the total represented millions of pounds.

The show once again proved that the best English cars are the finest in the world, both in engine and body work; and nothing comes from abroad to challenge in interest and promise the new system of gear-changing produced by home talent. The number of cylinders tends to grow in common practice; we have advanced from one, two, three, four, and six to eight as a fairly general feature, securing greater flexibility.

Vulgar Colours

A matter for more general regard is perhaps the horrid jazz colours in which some makers have indulged for the bodies of their cars. A concession to women this vulgar effect is called, but women declare the statement an insult to the artistic taste of their sex. Motoring is responsible for many crude pictorial horrors on our country highways; it would be unpardonable were garish-coloured cars themselves to add to the offence. Silence, speed, and dignity should match the strength and safety of a car; glaring colours should, like noise, be banned as intolerable to good taste.

Now that the show is over there is said to be a doubt as to whether we shall soon have another. Certain manufacturers, it seems, are opposed to its continuance. Apart from the expense, they say, the show causes a break in trade, for nobody will buy new cars during the two or three months which precede the show lest they should miss some novelty which is being held back for the display. This is serious for the industry, for it throws men out of work, especially as models shown at Olympia cannot be delivered until after Christmas.

All the same, we hope the Motor Show will not be dropped. It has become one of the interesting events of London's autumn season.

THINGS SAID

What England wants is a first-class Press Agent. *Sir Henry Thornton*

Not one in ten Parliamentary electors is a communicant in the Church of England. *The Bishop of Durham*

If you give a girl an inch now she will make a dress of it. *Dr. H. R. Pickard*

God help the man who won't marry until he finds a perfect woman. *Mr. Ben Tillet*

We never hear in the newspapers of the happy marriages. *Mrs. Hubert Barclay*

Though prejudice perhaps my mind befores, I think I know no finer things than dogs. *Hallie Carrington Brent*

A centre-forward scored 60 goals last season and won the admiration of a city. A surgeon saved 60 lives in the same time, but no one mentioned him. *Rev. William Paxton*

There must be some limit to what a man may write or speak in this country. *The Home Secretary*

One brain institute would be a more profitable investment for civilisation than any battleship. *Dr. Alfred Tilney*

JOHN HOWARD

Carrying on His Work

THE DARK AGES NOT QUITE OVER

One of the most honoured names in English history is that of John Howard, who lived and died striving to humanise the prisons of Europe. His memory and work are perpetuated in the Howard League for Penal Reform, which today has its headquarters at Charing Cross.

The League's latest work, in combination with the Society of Friends and the League of Nations Union, has been the drawing-up of a list of prison conditions which it hopes the Assembly of the League of Nations will adopt and introduce for the assent of all the nations that have joined the great international League.

Suggestions for the League

Here are some of the conditions suggested for adoption:

That prisoners shall have a public trial and the opportunity of legal defence within six months of their arrest.

That insanitary, verminous, and disease-infected prisons shall be cleared and reformed.

That children shall not be kept in the same cells as adult criminals.

That children shall not be put to death. That torture shall be abolished.

That prisoners shall not be flogged at the discretion of the police, or with a severity liable to result in permanent injury.

Every British reader of these proposed conditions will exclaim: "But surely these horrible deeds are not being allowed in civilised countries!"

Torture of Prisoners

The Howard League has been making careful inquiries, and it finds, and gives instances to prove, that not only are these evil doings practised in certain European prisons, but that some of them, including torture, are practised on political prisoners. One of the offences for which the most cruel punishments are inflicted is that the accused persons have protested against these barbarities being used in their country.

The only remedy against this survival of the methods of the Dark Ages is publicity, arousing the horror and indignation of mankind, until the culprit nations are shamed into decency.

Such doings cannot exist alongside civilisation. The offenders are not civilised, but barbarous, and they ought to be brought by the League before the bar of humanity for condemnation.

AT THE WORD OF COMMAND

A True Tale of a Dog

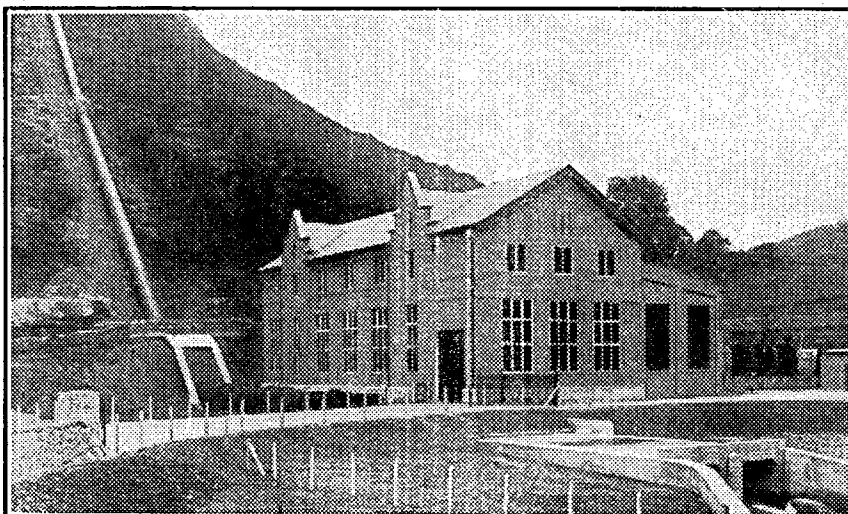
There is no end to the stories of canine intelligence and pluck that come our way. The following is the story of something that has recently happened in Hungary.

In one of the garden suburbs of Budapest a motor-lorry was rolling along at a brisk pace. A man coming from the opposite end of the road saw it from afar and admonished his dog to beware of it. The dog walked by his master's side till the danger should have passed. But before that time something occurred which changed the whole situation.

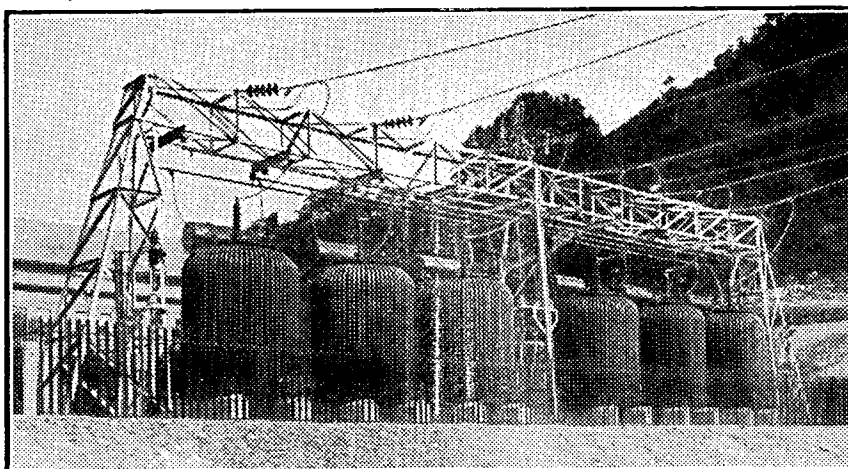
Through an open garden gate a child's ball shot out, and the child, all unaware of the approaching lorry, came running after it. For a horrible second it seemed that the vehicle must pass over it, but one sharp word of command sent the dog dashing to the rescue.

Catching the child's frock in his teeth, he hurled it with all his force out of the lorry's way; but unfortunately he was unable to save himself. The front wheel passed over his body, injuring him so terribly that there is very little hope of his recovery. Grieved as his master is, he cannot but feel glad and proud over an act of heroism that would have done credit to a human being.

POWER FROM THE MOUNTAINS



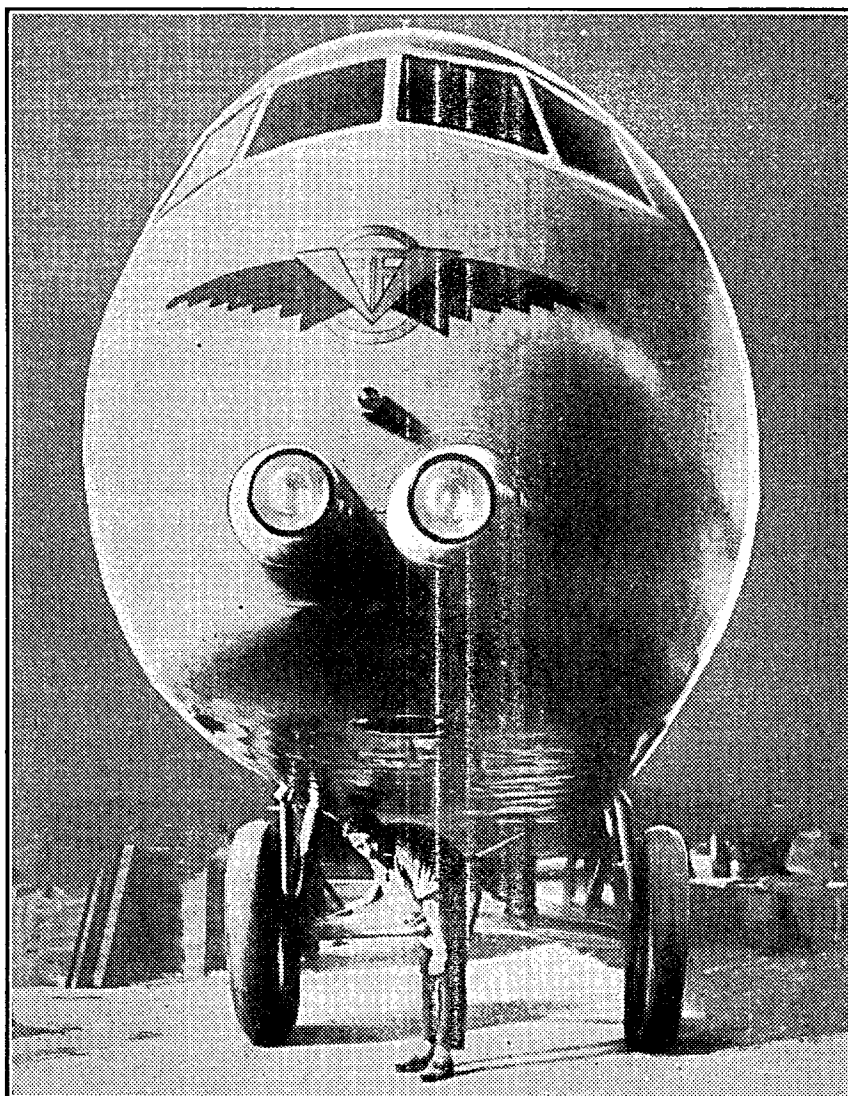
The new power-station and the pipe from the reservoir



Giant transformers in the transmission system

By building four great dams in the valley of the River Prysor the North Wales Power Company has formed a big lake in the mountains to supply power for their new hydro-electric station at Maentwrog. Here we give two pictures of the new station. See page 4.

THE EYES OF AN AEROPLANE



At a recent exhibition of aircraft in Berlin this machine fitted with headlights attracted much attention. If the picture is held upside down it bears a grotesque resemblance to a face.

TAMING A SPIDER

CHERRY KEARTON'S NEW BOOK

How to Make an Animal Respond to You

THE TRAP-DOOR GAME

MY ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS. By Cherry Kearton. (Arrowsmith, 5s.)

It is a simple thing to tame lions and tigers, and hundreds of people have done it, but there is probably only one man in the world who could tame a spider.

Mr. Cherry Kearton could make friends with anything, and he tells how it is done in this new book, full of wisdom and amusement for all who keep pets.

Mr. Kearton says you can tame any creature if you treat it as a guest, not a prisoner. If you shut animals up in small cages and force them to do tricks through pain or hunger you may break their wills, but you will never get them to play games with you, and that is the real test.

A Curious Game

Timmy, an Algerian desert rat, invented a curious game and insisted on playing it every evening on the hearth-rug. Mr. Kearton would give him a newspaper, and Timmy would tear it into tiny pieces with his teeth, holding it in his forepaws. Then he would heap all the pieces into one big pyramid and burrow into it till he was hidden. After a bit Mr. Kearton would clap his hands, and Timmy would leap through the top of the pile a foot in the air.

Robin the mongoose was so fond of hide-and-seek that he was quite a bother when Mrs. Kearton wanted to work in her garden. He would dart round clumps of flowers, jump up, strike her arm, and then retreat a little way as if to say, "Come on; you chase me now!"

Both these creatures wandered freely about their master's home. Once he unchained a lynx, which is supposed to be untamable, and even he expected trouble; but after pacing round the room and staring into the man's eyes the lynx decided that this human was not afraid and so worth cultivating. Soon after he was sitting on the man's knee, purring as his fur was stroked.

The Story of Mrs. Spider

Mrs. Spider was the most difficult of all to woo. She was a trap-door spider, who made a tunnel in the earth five or six inches long with a neat door of plastered earth and cobweb covered outside with moss. Mr. Kearton dug up a cube of earth and transported the spider's home to England in a box.

At first Mrs. Spider refused to come out, even to take the insects he put in the box. Every day he would raise the trap-door with a pin and talk to her, till at last she got used to him. One day he put a camel's-hair brush gently down the hole, and she seized the furry intruder so that he could draw her out by it. After that she would always let him lift her out in this fashion, but she never came of her own accord. But directly she heard Mrs. Kearton's foot-fall the spider would come to her doorstep and look out. Then they played their game.

A Trial of Patience

Mrs. Spider would go indoors, and Mrs. Kearton would try to lift the door with a pin while Mrs. Spider held it shut inside. After a bit Mrs. Kearton would stop pulling, and then the spider would peep out as if to challenge her to try again. This would go on till Mrs. Kearton was tired. If Mr. Kearton tried Mrs. Spider refused to play.

It took hours of patience to make friends with this tiny creature an inch and a half long, but it was time well spent, for Mr. Kearton took some wonderful photographs and, more important still, he proved that no creature is untamable. Big or small, fierce or timid, all living things respond to love.

THE PENSIONER IN THE FIELDS

HOW HE WAS LOST AND FOUND

The Romantic Story of the
Grandson of a Derby Winner

CHESTNUT SWALLOW

That the Englishman loves an animal is proved again and again by stories such as the tale of the French collie and the British soldiers in the C.N.'s Five-Hundredth Number.

Here is another story of how even in the middle of the greatest war in history the British Government and the British soldiery could find time to care for one lost beast.

There were two ladies living in the South of England who owned a magnificent chestnut saddle-horse whose name shall be Swallow. It is not his true name. Swallow's grandfather was a famous Derby winner named Hermit.

He was very well known in the district, and many a time people said, "If ever you want to sell Swallow let us know." Always the reply was, "Swallow will never be for sale!" He was as gentle and intelligent as he was swift and beautiful.

Swallow Goes to the Front

When the war came these ladies learned that a young man they knew who was not very rich was going to the front. What could they do to cheer him on his way? They determined to give him their best treasure.

"If you promise never to ride him on a military bit and never to sell him," they said, "you shall have Swallow."

The young man was overwhelmed with delight. No one in the army would have a finer charger. He gave them his promise, and Swallow went away to the muddy fields of battle with their reek of gas and their shell holes and their blackened tree stumps and their terrifying noises. He did not know he was helping to keep the fields of England sweet and green.

One day the ladies in England heard that their friend had been killed. When they inquired later they learned that his charger had been "transferred"; that was all. Swallow was lost.

The ladies knew that if he became army property he would be sold at the end of the war, like tents and other equipment. He might get a master who would work him to death, and he would probably end up in a Belgian slaughter-house. The ladies determined to make one appeal to the British Government to find Swallow, though they had not much hope of success.

His Return Home

In the middle of a World War they could not hope that officials were going to hunt for one particular chestnut horse. There must be hundreds of them about, and they were needed.

Yet, six months after their letter was written, Swallow returned to his home. Many soldiers had helped in what they thought the important work of finding someone's favourite horse, and so he had been traced.

Today Swallow is an old-age pensioner, spending his days in a green meadow and his nights in a comfortable stable. And although he does no work and costs something to keep his ladies would still refuse the highest price for him.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

The Driffield Working Men's Committee wanted to help the hospital, and as no one was rich enough to give money they thought of a way which even the poorest could afford to follow.

Every child at the elementary school was asked to bring one potato, which seemed quite a little gift. But the collection filled six sacks, and the hospital was very grateful.

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND

By the Prime Minister

The countryside is the heart of England. It is for all those who care for it to do their utmost to preserve it clean and undefiled. While something can be done by regulation and control, the real solution lies only in the education of public opinion in the development of habit and practice which will save the countryside from the atrocities which are now too often committed.

By Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

No country in the world can be compared with our own countryside, and as soon as we can get people to feel truly and sensitively about things they will understand the richness of their inheritance.

Every day that goes past some offensive bungalow, or some abomination of a building scheme, or some horror of a wayside oil pump station, or some blatant vulgarity of an advertisement destroys not only the immediate spot where it is placed, but the whole sweep of the countryside. Something must be done to stop it, and nothing can be done until the public opinion is shocked by the atrocities and aroused to action. Up to now, though we have been unable to cross a fence or wander past the roadside without the threat that trespassers will be prosecuted, nobody has been able to deprive us of the beauty of the scene. Now they have found out how to do that, and the lover of the countryside finds himself wandering about it like a bereaved soul.

By Sir Michael Sadler

Beauty is the staff of life. The most signal victory the artistic craftspeople of England could win would be in the field of popular taste. There is no reason why, if we all worked together, we should not, make modern England beautiful by the brave handling of our new materials. A gasometer rightly placed and wisely painted might be as impressive in the landscape as the wheat elevators at a Manitoba railway station or the corn-ricks on a Cotswold skyline.

TRUE

From a Correspondent.

How often do we remember and thank in our thoughts that splendid band of voluntary-workers who form the After-Care Committee, and go about busy and often squalid London streets urging that children who have been told to go to the oculist or the dentist shall actually pay that needed visit.

It is anxious work for the visitors. Often the door is very reluctantly opened to them by an unwilling parent. But there are moments of laughter. One day a visitor in South London, who called gently to hint that Tommy might be taken to "see about his teeth," was countered with: "Well, I don't see the use of it; we've got one in the family. My husband, he'll draw teeth as well as anybody. And, what's more, when he takes them out there's always a beautiful new white tooth to come and take its place. Now, my Uncle Jack he went to a proper dentist, and nothing was left when he came home but ugly gaps; and gaps they still remains. Little Mary, she's a lovely set of white teeth that her dad seemed to bring along; so let us leave it in the family."

And this intrepid lady banged the front door with a cheerful slam.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Gemini	Jem-e-ny
Kattowitz	Kaht-to-vitz
Mauritius	Maw-rish-e-us
Tabora	Tah-bo-rah

A NEW WELSH LAKE

Power for Seven Counties

KEEPING WATCH ON THE COUNTRYSIDE

A great new lake has been formed among the wild Welsh mountains to give electric power to seven counties.

An area of over 1200 acres, through which flows the River Prysor has been enclosed by making three great dams where the hills dip on either side, and another dam greater than all of them at the river outlet. Into this artificial basin drains the water from 22 square miles of rugged mountainside, 1200 million cubic feet of it.

From this mighty reservoir runs a conduit pipe-line ten feet in diameter to the power station some three miles below at Maentwrog, near where the Prysor flows into the Ffestiniog valley. The greater part of this conduit is made of steel pipes resting on the surface of the ground, but twice it plunges in a tunnel through solid rock.

Surrounded by Trees

At the power station the surge of falling water is converted into electric power by three huge hydraulic turbines. Thence the power is distributed through sub-stations and 400 miles of cable to the towns and villages of North Wales and the neighbouring English counties.

Great care has been taken to interfere as little as possible with the wild beauty of the country, especially where the huge conduit takes its way down the valley. The land was sold on condition that the pipe-line and all buildings should be surrounded by trees. Many trees have already been planted, and a year hence the whole countryside will be covered with them. An old Roman bridge has been carefully preserved.

Reservoir and power station have cost about a million pounds, and the distribution system for the electric power another million. *Pictures on page 3*

THE CHURCH THAT CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS

And the Mountain that Moved a Church

After its first appalling plunge into the valley the Swiss mountain Motto Arbino has resumed its threatening calm. For the time being its headlong course is stayed, but the geologists who have watched by its bed so long are confident that the huge mass is but biding its time.

The fissures near its summit are widening, some which were only eight feet across are now as wide as the main street of a town. It is as sure as anything can be that before winter comes the mountain which is very slowly slipping in the direction of the gap in the Arbedo Valley will discharge a landslide twice as big as the last.

Meanwhile the measurements made of these and other slow movements show that the church of Campo in a neighbouring village has been moved 46 feet. Churches have been buried in the sand as at Perranzabuloe in Cornwall, or sunk in the sea, but this is the first time a mountain has moved one. We have been told on very high authority that the Church can remove mountains; this is the first time we have known a mountain to remove a church.

NEW SIGNALS FOR THE L.M.S.

The L.M.S. is introducing a new type of distant signals which will distinguish them more clearly from the present home signals.

The semaphore in the new type will swing upward instead of downward in signalling that the line is clear, and its danger light at night will be yellow instead of red.

THE JOLLY SCHOOL ON A TRAIN

CHILDREN OF THE C.P.R.

Forty-Two Little Scholars Among the Northern Snows

HOW THEY GET THERE

The newest way of providing a school is to turn a railway carriage into a schoolroom, and then take it by train from place to place where there are children but no school.

This is being done in the part of Canada north of Lake Superior, a rocky land of woods and lakes, where the few people, woodmen and trappers, live near the railways. The children are too few to form a school permanently at any place. They live in little groups of six or eight, each group many miles from the group nearest to it, and education for them all was impossible until the railway-carriage school was thought of.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has fitted up one of its finest passenger carriages so that half of it forms a schoolroom, with desks, blackboards, maps, and so on, and the other half is the sleeping quarters and kitchen where the travelling schoolmaster lives.

The School Library

The school carriage is taken by passing trains to seven little settlements each month, and it stays at each place from two to four days, according to the number of scholars there. It has altogether 42 pupils coming for lessons in the seven places, and their ages range from six to fifteen years. It carries a library of 500 books for the use of the older scholars and their parents.

At first nine out of ten of the parents could neither write nor read English, and the boys and girls could only speak a few of its simplest words. Their native languages were French, Rumanian, Italian, or Russian rather than English. Now they are all learning rapidly, and the best scholar, who has been given an eight-days holiday in Toronto as a prize, is little Alex Malleck, a Rumanian lad.

Christmas Packages

So successful is this school which travels to the children, teaches them for three or four days, and then gives them home lessons till it comes back three weeks later, that the Governor-General of Canada has been to see it. At Christmas the railway-carriage school becomes loaded with packages sent as gifts by kind-hearted folks to let the 42 scholars know that other Canadians are thinking of them in their distant homes amid the snow.

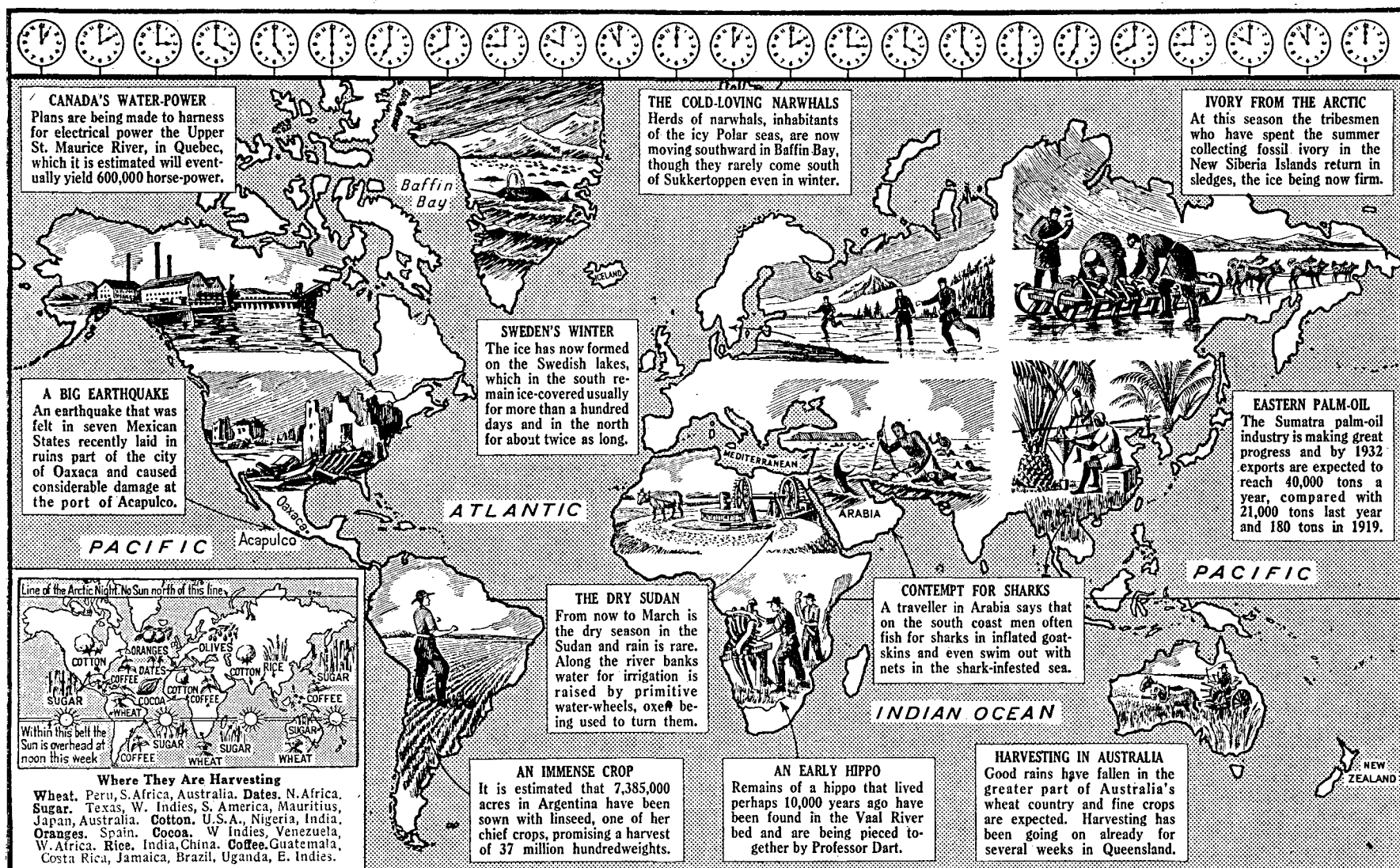
And well may these youngsters be remembered, for they are bent on getting all the knowledge they can get from the travelling school. Some of them have to travel to meet it. For instance, David Clement and Arthur Clement, sons of a trapper, live in the forest, 20 miles from where the school stops, but that has not prevented them going to it.

A Tent in the Snow

They have loaded a toboggan with provisions, a tent, and some traps, and have driven a dog-team with the toboggan to the siding where the school carriage is. Then they have pitched their tent, banked it round with green boughs, covered it thickly with snow, heated it with a stove, and lived in it all the winter, sometimes with the glass 50 degrees below zero, for the sake of three days of schooling each month.

And they have done more than that, for when the school was absent elsewhere, and their home lessons were done before it returned, they have helped their widowed father by trapping more skins than will pay for their living and expenses. David Clement is 12, and Arthur Clement is nine. There is an example! It beats everything we read in story-books. *Pictures on page 7*

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FATHER DOUGLAS A Noble Oxford Blue

There has just returned to India from this country a man who has given his life to helping the poor of the great Eastern Empire.

He is Father Douglas, a member of the Oxford University Mission to Calcutta, and to him the Earl of Lytton, who has been Viceroy of India, has just paid this tribute in addressing the London Missionary Society:

Father Douglas went straight to India from Oxford, and has devoted his life to work among the little waifs and strays at Behala, near Calcutta, where he has a small church.

He goes about bareheaded in the hottest tropical sun—and with sandalled feet. Nobody knows how he does it!

I have no hesitation in saying that he is the most beautiful and noble character I have ever met in my life.

Father Douglas, now spending his life so nobly, is an old Oxford Blue.

NO ONE LIKE MR. ALFRED

Mondays will be sadder days for the patients at the London Hospital. Alfred Salmon, who used to spend three or four hours with them every Monday, can come no more—for he is dead.

He was managing director of Lyons great catering business, and he worked as hard to make his workpeople happy as to please the public. There are endless stories of his kindnesses.

Although the head of a huge industrial concern employing 30,000 people he was very modest, and always said that he would not be missed when he went because "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." A friend retorted, "Not all fish are salmon."

He will be grievously missed, and not least by the workpeople, who called him "Mr. Alfred," because a surname seemed too formal.

A TRAFALGAR SQUARE TRAP Capturing the Pigeons

The war on London pigeons has been carried from the City to the West End.

The other day a great wire cage was to be seen in the middle of Trafalgar Square, with a falling shutter and a bait of corn. For a time there was so large a crowd of human beings watching it that the pigeons could hardly get in, and the trapper complained that when 50 or so were walking into the trap someone was sure to clap his hands and frighten them away.

Still, the captures have been averaging nearly 200 a day, a different place being chosen each day. Only a third of these, however, were caught in the cage, the rest being caught by hand.

It is sad to have to make war on these pretty creatures, but there are too many of them in Central London, and they do great damage to buildings. Not long ago it cost £400 to repair a public clock and its belfry, and to protect the National Gallery from them by netting would cost another £400.

THE CHILDREN'S MITE

At a Sussex village this autumn the Harvest Thanksgiving Service was being held, and the children of the Sunday School were asked to bring gifts of flowers, vegetables, and fruit, which later would go to the hospital where the children of the village are taken when they are ill.

In the class of smallest children were four-year-old girl twins, and in a basket of fruit came their gift to the hospital in the form of a large red savings-box. The little folks had insisted that was what they wanted to give.

When it was opened it was found to contain their lives' savings of 414 farthings—8s. 7½d. They had cast in all the mites they had. A modern variation of an ancient story which came from the noblest heart that ever beat.

NOT PEACE YET The Silly Things the War Men Do

It is silly that British and French troops should still be quartered on German territory ten years after the Great War, and when one silly thing is done it is apt to lead to another.

A court of British officers has sentenced the Mayor of the German town of Königstein to a fine of £5 or 14 days' imprisonment for telling the local band-master to play the German National Anthem in a local public garden. It was not a serious offence, said the President of the court, but leave must be asked of the British before this particular tune is played in this part of Germany.

Still sillier than the rule is the reason given for making the rule. It is feared that playing the German National Anthem in the presence of members of the Occupying Forces might lead to "undesirable incidents."

Of course the local newspapers are very angry about it. Equally of course it is not the fault of the British officers on the spot but of the French and British Governments, who still appear not to understand that we made Peace ten years ago.

SO CURFEW RINGS TONIGHT

The great bell of Rouen Cathedral, whose history goes back eight centuries, is now to be rung by electricity, a strange mixture of old and new.

The hand apparatus which the new electrical installation supersedes was set up five centuries and a half ago, a creaking contrivance of wheels and ropes, and a man had to climb five flights of winding stairs to ring it for fifteen minutes every night, with straining muscles and bent back. Now it is rung by touching a switch!

USING THE WORLD'S BRAINS The League and Crafts

The chief enemy of mankind is ignorance, and it is a primary misfortune that for so long the world lacked machinery for the spread of knowledge.

The printing press afforded men the opportunity to spread intelligence on every subject, and it has achieved much, although by far the greater part of the output of the world's printing presses is quite unworthy of the beautiful machines employed.

The League of Nations has taken a step beyond the conception of mere machinery by the formation of the International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation, the objects of which are to bring to the common service of all nations the special aptitudes of each particular nation. That is a magnificent idea, which may easily be the beginning of the regeneration of the world.

We may be quite sure that if the knowledge, attainments, and culture of each nation could be placed unreservedly at the disposal of the whole world civilisation would march rapidly to goals as yet undreamed of.

This International Institute convened not long ago in Prague the First International Congress of Popular Art, at which more than twenty nations were represented, including Russia and the United States. The congress made a special study of the work of artisans everywhere, with the object of preserving crafts of value to mankind.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest

A Hobbema landscape . . .	£33,000
Painting by Gerald Terborch . . .	£26,500
Painting by Jan Steen . . .	£17,400
Painting by Pieter de Hoogh . . .	£12,000
Painting by Jacob van Ruysdael . . .	£3400
Old Irish silver jug . . .	£212
George I coffee-pot . . .	£160

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 3 1928

Young England and Old England

ALL things bright and beautiful—we will never believe that the love for them is passing away in the young generation that has grown up with the C.N. If it could have felt any doubts the conference at Leicester, where people from all over this green and pleasant land discussed the best way of keeping it so, and of preserving the things that are bright and beautiful, would have convinced it that there was no need of doubting.

Never has there been a conference of this size and seriousness before. The wish to keep England beautiful grows every year and the fear lest its loveliness should slip away increases. When a new coalfield is found the countryside is planned for it. Garden cities are a precaution against ugliness which in the days when jerry-builders strung together streets of mean little houses was never considered.

Yet the conference at Leicester was a wise precaution lest the young generation which has grown up in days of speed and of movement unknown to their fathers should unwittingly repeat the crimes of their grandfathers and lose things which can never come back.

The young generation is so anxious to see everything and see it quickly that on every half-day holiday it rushes out of the dull towns as fast as motor-cycle or baby-car will carry it to find the country. The generation just a little older is in the same movement. They move out from the towns—as far as they can into the country, buying little houses of their own in sight of the trees. What is this but the growing love of beauty?

The only fault to be found is that there are too many lovers of beauty who have not yet troubled to think how it is to be preserved for the next young generation. In order to get quickly into the country they want broad, smooth motor-roads, and these are not beautiful. The charabanc which crowds its way up country lanes is far from lovely or of good report. The petrol pump is terrible.

Yet it should not, and will not, prove beyond the powers of the younger England that is coming on to make new roads worthy and keep old lanes unspoiled, to build their houses so that they shall be a pleasure to see, and to keep for all a measure of solitude and quiet in field-path and byway and village street.

The C.N. is certain that when Young England realises that Old England runs the risk of being spoiled or defaced it will pull itself together and keep clean the land of which all are so proud.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



One Thing We Can Do

WE are delighted to see that a letter is to be sent to the A.A. and the R.A.C. suggesting that members should refuse to buy petrol from any garage which disfigures a country road.

It is a very useful weapon for all who love the country. We long ago decided to banish from our table a lemonade which advertises itself in an ugly way in Kent, and from our library a Kent newspaper which daubs the walls of houses with its name.

An Idea for the Rich

THAT is an admirable suggestion made by Mr. C. R. Haines.

Too many of our literary treasures are going across the sea; we notice that America is so rich that she has even paid £30,000 for the manuscript of Alice. What matters much more is that she takes our precious treasures.

Why (asks Mr. Haines) cannot those who are able to spend enormous sums to purchase such books pay a few hundreds to have them facsimiled? That, besides paying a debt due to the countrymen of Shakespeare, would bring in many dollars.

We gladly pass on the suggestion to any American millionaire who is rich enough to desire to read the C.N.

Another Bad Thing Going

SPAIN has joined that league of nations which frowns on tipping.

There are only two other firm members of the league, France and Italy, but every traveller will hope that what these three Latin nations think today the rest of the world will think tomorrow.

In future, when the traveller leaves his hotel in Spain, the head-waiter will not be on the doorstep to wish him an interested farewell. Nor will the under-waiters, the head-porter, the under-porter, the lift-boy, or the boots be there. The chambermaids will not be hanging expectantly over the staircase, the men who brought the luggage down and piled it on the bus will have disappeared—happy, like all the rest.

It is a pleasant picture. The picture of ten per cent added to the traveller's bill for this relief will not be so pleasant; but it will be worth it.

A Boy Scout's Prayer

Almighty and everlasting God, by whose grace Thy servants are enabled to fight the good fight of faith, we humbly beseech Thee to inspire us Scouts that we may yield our hearts to obedience and exercise our wills on Thy behalf.

Help us to think wisely, to speak rightly, to resolve bravely, to act kindly, to live purely. Bless us in body and in soul and make us a blessing to others. Let the assurance of Thy presence save us from sinning, strengthen us in life, and comfort us in death. Amen.

A Sort of Freedom

MUSSOLINI has been telling the Italian newspapers what to do. The first thing he told them was that the Italian Press is the freest press in the world. It is even free to hear that, it seems.

In the Lounge

Retire each evening and survey The various actions of the day; Whatever has amiss been done, Take care in future time to shun.

Hanging in the lounge of the Prime Minister's country home

Tip-Cat

THERE are, writes a philosopher, better things than money. But money is good enough for most of us.

THE amateur photographer can choose his own sitters. Not always, if they know it.

THE Prime Minister finds Aberdeen the cleanest station he has ever seen. Nothing wasted there.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the Mansion House is a Mayor's Nest

YOU can tell a woman's character by the way she treats her servant. Or by the way her servant treats her.

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS wants England to get rid of her confusing coinage. He is not satisfied that America should have only our gold.

A LOT of thought is said to go to making the life of a cracker. But who would think so?

DELUGE of books is the title of a literary review. Looks as if somebody had had a brain storm.

A SECOND-HAND car, we are warned, seldom goes well. It has gone too far already.

CORRESPONDENT asks, Why are people always amused at mimicry? They are not.

MANY fathers are as handy in the home as mothers. But only in their palmy days.

Parliament in Brief

By the Home Secretary

IN 1604 a jackdaw flew into the House of Commons. In 1606 a spaniel walked into the House. In 1919 Lady Astor took her seat.

The Palace of Westminster covers seven acres. There are 11,000 rooms, 100 staircases, and two miles of passages, so that a member must be forgiven if he is a little lost at times.

The House rather likes a man to be cheerful, and likes him if he makes a mistake now and again. If he sits on his hat he is extraordinarily popular.

Apples of Gold

By a Channel Crosser

Is it not curious how certain phrases from the Bible stick in the mind and repeat themselves at odd times?

It was when settling down for a calm night crossing the Channel in a second-class berth in a crowded saloon; drawing up the grey and white rug, that this phrase from Proverbs suddenly, without rhyme or reason, came into my mind:

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

It was nearly midnight, most of the passengers had come long distances by train, and were thankful to turn in; but two young Frenchwomen kept the lights on, and were chattering on gaily and loudly while a few weary Englishwomen were trying to sleep.

Then in came our steward, a delightful Scotswoman, her white apron natty round her waist, her face maternal and serene. She made a speech there and then.

"Now ladies, please, we must have the lights off. And you there, talking, you must not disturb all the others; you wouldn't wish to do that, I'm sure. No, madam, you mustn't lie and read, please. All lights must go out. You'll all be the better, believe me, for a thorough good rest." And off the lights went; in a twinkling there was calm.

Like lambs, women of various nationalities and opinions fell under the sway of this sensible old Scotswoman. We were all at boarding-school again, recognising the voice of authority and wisdom; and we had a beautiful long rest, as she predicted.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

The Greatest English Things

LOOKING back, let me say (publisher though I am and maker of books without end) that a man who studies with unprejudiced mind his English Bible and his Shakespeare need lack little of all that appertains to right thinking and true manhood.

He will find high humour, a close touch with Nature, a tenderness and compassion, that no other books will give him, with an imagination and faith that reach to great heights, and an outlook beyond the grave. In them, if he will, he may learn the whole duty of man: *To do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God.*

Mr. J. M. Dent,
Founder of Everyman's Library

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World.

A SYDNEY merchant has given £220,000 to Sydney University for promoting medical knowledge.

ANOTHER Sydney merchant has left £80,000 to set up horse troughs about the world.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL has had another donation of £20,000.

A MARVEL OF TIME AND SPACE

ENGLAND'S NIGHT HEARS AMERICA'S AFTERNOON

Listening to an Airship
Berthing in U.S.A.

POET'S VISION COMES TRUE

A new wonder has been accomplished by the flight of an airship from Germany to America carrying over 60 people, of whom 20 were passengers.

To add to that wonder there was a still greater marvel, for multitudes of people, not only in Great Britain but all over Europe, sat by their firesides and heard the ship arrive, heard her engines and propellers, heard her berthed, heard the end of an epoch-marking voyage.

For 111 hours wireless kept the world in touch with the Zeppelin on her voyage, told us how, in order to find good weather, she had to avoid the direct North Atlantic route and fly across France and Spain down to Gibraltar, out to Madeira, and across by way of Bermuda, where for 24 hours she was circling in a storm which damaged one of her horizontal fins and forbade her progress till the gale abated.

A Startling Incident

Mile by mile she was traced over the ocean until at last she crossed the American coast four days after leaving home, flew over Washington, sailed over New York, delicately avoiding the skyscrapers there, and finally reached Lakehurst at 5.15 in the afternoon.

It was then 10.15 at night in England, and when the B.B.C. suddenly switched over to America great afternoon crowds were awaiting the coming of the giant. An American announcer was describing the scene and telling us incidents of the voyage, including the most startling of all, when a fearful uprush of air caught the underside of the ship and sent passengers, crew, and all the food and crockery toppling as in a steamer at sea when storm waves toss her.

Half a Ton of Mails

We noted as we listened that we were hearing better in England than the man at Lakehurst who was witnessing the spectacle on the spot. "Soon you will be able to hear her engines," he said; we had been hearing them distinctly for five minutes before he spoke.

We had been listening to Commander Burney talking of our own great airship, the R 100, which is to carry 100 people, and as we heard the German craft going to bed we were at one with Tennyson and saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

for the Zeppelin carried half a ton of mails in addition to her crew and passengers.

Slower than the Mauretania

She succeeded magnificently in face of a handicap, for this airship is 30 or 40 miles an hour too slow. The voyage occupied four and a half days, a little over the Mauretania's time. Our airship will do 80 against her 60 miles an hour, and the next, it is hoped, will be capable of an average of 100 miles an hour.

We must not forget that an airship built in England was the first to fly to America and back, but the new Zeppelin created a record of passengers carried and duration of time in the air. For the moment the honours rest with Germany.

She has done a splendid thing, and, thanks to the B.B.C., we, sitting by our firesides in England by night, heard the triumph of it all 3000 miles away, where it was still afternoon.

DEAR LITTLE SCARLET JUMPERS

WHEN Sir James Crichton-Browne was motoring on a road in Scotland crowded with motor-cars he noticed in the playground of a school by the wayside a pretty group of children all in scarlet jumpers.

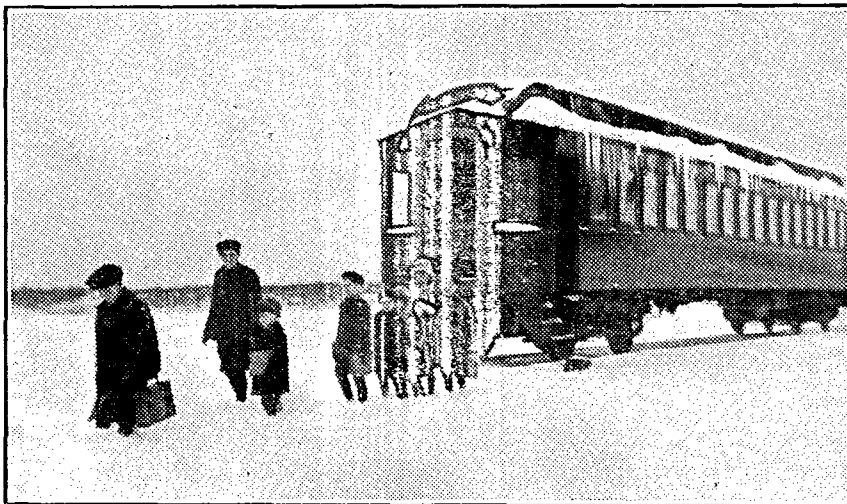
His scientific curiosity was roused, and on asking the reason for the uniform he learned that it was what naturalists call an example of protective coloration. The bright red was a signal to the motor-driver, for it sheltered the most precious of things, a little child.

When, as Sir James observes, a child is clad in sober grey she can hardly be

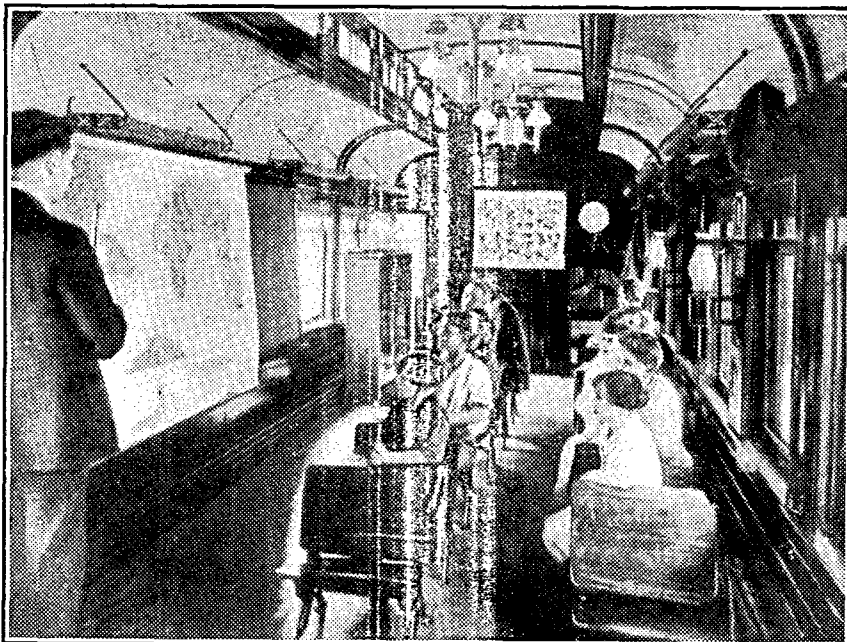
seen quickly even a few yards away by the driver of a fast car. But the little scarlet jumper holds up an unmistakable danger signal.

Therefore, thinks Sir James, this precaution might be usefully adopted in many places where school children have to cross traffic. The scarlet jumper would save them from having to become jumpers from danger. Not so long ago Sir James, on his 89th birthday, gaily declared his intention of living till a hundred. He wants to do something to increase the "expectation of life" of the youngest.

A SCHOOL ON WHEELS



Boys and girls of the railway school



A lesson in the travelling school

Railway carriages equipped as schools are used for teaching the boys and girls in isolated districts of Northern Ontario. It is too far for the children to go to school, so the school comes to them. See page 4.

SANTA CLAUS ON HIS ROUND

THERE have long been threats about abolishing the officials known as Guardians of the Poor.

There was a time when the institutions they control had not the best of names, and few of the guardians could claim to be popular. But great changes have come to pass, and many places maintained out of the Poor Rate are admirably managed, especially where the young are concerned. Many of the threatened guardians have devoted themselves to their work in a spirit of kindest humanity. A reader sends us a little picture of such a guardian.

Every Sunday morning, year in year out, he is to be seen carrying a basket of sweets or of fruit round the wards of the institution he helps to govern. He passes like a ray of sun-

shine. Old grannies love him. The unfortunate people who have not the blessing of full intelligence know him as their friend. Never was Santa Claus more welcomed by the children. For all the inmates of that institution he has a happy word, and more.

And he has another large family. He is a lover of trees, and there are many beautiful old trees in a cemetery near by. To them he makes frequent visits. Evergreen oaks, weeping limes, pines and firs, hollies and purple beeches—he knows them as friends, and he is careful to see that gardeners do not make raids on the soil which the trees can ill spare.

People who can be pictured like this do not care to have their names made known, but the place concerned is the fine old town of Coventry.

THE GORILLA WANTS TO KNOW

HIS KEEN CURIOSITY

News From a Brave Woman
Carrying on a Great Work

JOHN DANIEL

By Our Natural Historian

There is news from gorilla land, and it is a very brave woman who brings it. She is Mrs. Mary Akeley, who has spent many years exploring in the African wilds, where her husband died last year, as we announced at the time, leaving her to carry out alone an expedition conducted for the American Museum of Natural History.

Returned to civilisation, she has been telling of her experiences among the gorillas in the Belgian colony. That they are harmless and inoffensive if not attacked she has consistently found; that they beat their great chests if angered or pleasurably excited, as Du Chaillu said, she has fully confirmed.

An Accepted Rule

Perhaps the most interesting of Mrs. Akeley's observations is the extreme curiosity of the gorilla. Gorillas are just as much interested in men as men are in gorillas, and one approached to within three feet of Mrs. Akeley, examining her with the minutest care. Never will Mrs. Akeley forget the extraordinary expression on the great animal's face.

Curiosity has led many a wild animal to doom in a trap set by wiser man, yet it is an accepted rule that any creature which possesses intelligent curiosity has within it powers of mental development. Only the animal which has no curiosity is hopeless, and in no animals is curiosity more highly developed than in the man-like apes.

When John Daniel, the five-year-old gorilla, was delighting crowds at the London Zoo a stranger was admitted into the great lion's den, in which the ape had comparative liberty. The man sat on a chair at a table, and John was not displeased. He beat his breast with excitement as he approached. Gripping the chair with one hand and the table with one foot, he climbed up to the visitor and peered closely at him.

The Rustle of a Leaf

The two were at once friends and would have got on famously together had an opportunity offered. At the moment, however, there came another appeal to John's curiosity. Beneath the bars of the cage was an opening through which the keepers may thrust their iron rakes, and from this came a gentle rustle, a tiny sound which to a human passed unheard amid the turmoil of the noonday Zoo.

But John did hear it, and he spun round in the direction of the sound, horrified. It was only a dry leaf, rustling as a breeze shook it; but had all the conspirators in Gunpowder Plot returned to life with their brands and barrels of explosives they could not have more completely engaged the attention of this young man of the woods.

A Smile of Triumph

When he solved the mystery a positive smile of triumph overspread his grim, black face; he opened his mouth as if to laugh aloud, and showed two rows of teeth which would not have disgraced a little Shetland pony. Then he returned to his play with all the happy abandon of a child.

He was true to his kind; they are like that in the wilds, Mrs. Akeley finds. But they must not be disturbed in their mood, or then, like John Daniel, they bite. So did the oranges which Alfred Russel Wallace saw sporting with natives in Malaya, and they, when the natives resisted or showed fear, bit, and that cost a finger, sometimes a nose. The curiosity of the ape may have its costly and painful sequel. But the way of knowledge is never easy. E. A. B.

LOST BEAUTY FOUND AGAIN

The Secret of Pontypool Japan

DISCOVERY IN A DIARY

Collectors of pretty antique things may hear with mixed feelings that the secret of making Pontypool Japan has been found in an old diary.

Pontypool Japan was a kind of lacquer painted and glazed on tin, and it beautified, in gay colours of blue and green, yellow and scarlet and orange, the graceful shapes of little urns and trays and tea-caddies. The secret method of making the glaze and putting it on the tin shapes so that it would not wear off or chip off was invented by Thomas Allgood at Pontypool in the seventeenth century.

Through Queen Anne's days the ware went on becoming more popular, and spread to France and Italy. A pretty piece of it can still be picked up there, and though some people make collections of it it is not very dear. To the collector it has the charm of being beautiful—and always genuine because no one has known how to imitate the old lacquer.

Now that a Pontypool solicitor has found the lost formula for making it in a forgotten desk a new Pontypool Japan should appear. If the collectors are sorry the rest of the world may be glad, for if it were to become popular the tin-plate trade would benefit.

A SCHOOL FOR PRINCES

Africa's Rugby

In many ways Tabora School is very like Winchester or Rugby.

There are housemasters and prefects, and the nobly-born boys who attend it learn much the same subjects; but one thing strikes the traveller as unusual. It is the pile of hurdles in the dormitory which are used to barricade the windows at night to keep out lions!

Tabora has an English headmaster, and it is run on the public school system; but it stands in East Africa, and the boys are sons of Swaheli chieftains. The Tanganyika Government has established the school, hoping it may make the boys good leaders and strong counsellors when they become rulers of the tribes. They learn about hygiene and agriculture, beside the usual school subjects, and on the council they learn about the justice they will one day administer in village court-houses.

Not long ago their fathers were raiders and slave traders. The boys of Tabora will never turn back to those evil days. A great work is being done in this school for princes.

THE PIT PONY'S WISDOM

How Do They Know?

As if to compensate them for the darkened lives they lead the pit ponies of South Wales collieries seem sometimes to have found a sixth sense to warn them of danger.

In the old workings of a Rhondda Valley mine a pony hauling its coal wagon suddenly dug its heels in and refused to budge. While the miner with it was vainly trying to coax it to go on a big piece of the roof fell with a crash in front of them.

Another pit pony was going up a stiff incline of the underground workings followed by its driver and by a boy who had hold of the pony's tail. Without any reason the pony bolted. Man and boy were thrown to the ground, and before they were on their feet again the roof had fallen on them.

Fortunately the boy was only slightly hurt, and was able to get assistance for the man, who was almost buried under the debris. The pony had halted a little way off, quite safe.

FIVE NEW BRIDGES FOR FATHER THAMES

A Busy Building Time

Since history began Britons have been busy bridging Father Thames:

Early next year a fresh campaign will start when a beginning is made with the new bridges at Richmond and Hampton Court. Probably, too, the proposed new bridge at Chiswick Ferry will be begun very soon.

Then there is the new Lambeth Bridge for which men have been constructing the approaches for some time past. And finally there is the great new road bridge at Charing Cross which is to take the place of the present railway monstrosity. It will be some time before this can be started, but even so we may well see five new Thames bridges under construction at one and the same time.

On the other hand the Corporation of London has rejected the latest plans for a new bridge near St. Paul's.

It would be interesting to make a guessing competition as to how many bridges are already suffered by Father Thames. From Tower Bridge to Hamersmith there are already 20 bridges. The one at Windsor is the thirty-sixth, Oxford's Folly Bridge is about the fifty-eighth, and there are at least thirty more above that.

THE LITTLE COMMONWEALTH

An Idea Which Failed

Homer Lane and the Little Commonwealth. By E. T. Bazeley (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.).

This is a book which ought to be read by all who may have the care of unruly children, by managers and teachers of reformatories and similar institutions, and by educators generally.

Homer Lane was an American who had experience of such work in his own country and was invited to put his ideas into practice on a farm in Dorset, near Sherborne. There, in what was called the Little Commonwealth, he was the organiser of a small self-governing community for boys and girls who had been ungovernable. The experiment went on for five years, and then the Home Office withdrew its grants and the committee closed down the institution.

Miss Bazeley, who was an enthusiastic participator in the experiment, gives an admirable account of it. Her book was needed, and fully justifies itself. It enables the judicious reader to appreciate the degree of success and the ultimate failure of a remarkable man.

Homer Lane believed that wilful resistance to authority might be directed so as to become useful by being led to accept responsibility. He very largely succeeded, but at last a discord arose which silenced the music that had seemed so promising. His committee never lost faith in the man, though some of them may have had doubts about his methods; and that probably will be the attitude of many who read the book. But all will feel it has a valuable significance, and for teachers particularly it will have a special interest.

A GENERAL OUT OF WORK

Who would suppose that a man who had risen to the rank of a brigadier-general could find much difficulty in earning a living?

Yet there is such a man, who served in Egypt, in South Africa, and in France, and is still young enough to have a boy at school, who has spent two years in a fruitless search for work.

We read that he was mentioned in despatches again and again, being especially commended for his powers of organisation, and has many decorations.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A white sparrow has been seen at Hindley Green, in the Wigan coalfield.

Caesar's Camp, near Wimbledon Common, is declared an open space for ever.

Thousands of onions have been washed up on the beach at Skegness during a storm.

Lions and tigers quarrelling in the arena of the Blackpool Tower Circus were driven out with a hosepipe.

The City of Plymouth

Plymouth, once a fishing village, has been given the rank of city.

Ten Million Bibles

Nearly ten million copies of the Bible were distributed last year by the Bible Society.

A White Blackbird

Another white blackbird has been seen by a C.N. reader. It is in the district of Shotley Bridge, Co. Durham, and is quite white except for its head, which has a few black feathers.

Fares to Paris

The single second-class fare by aeroplane from London to Paris is now £3 15s. The cheapest second-class fare by rail and boat is £2 os. 3d.

America's Millions

The United States has now five cities with a population of over a million each; the population of the country is over one hundred and twenty millions.

Canada's Harvest

The Canadian harvest has yielded 558 million bushels of wheat, 319 million bushels of oats, and 91 million bushels of barley.

Sir Frank Dicksee

Sir Frank Dicksee, President of the Royal Academy, has died. A staunch upholder of Victorian traditions, he condemned all the vulgar modern movements in painting.

GOOD-BYE, STORM KING

Two Men Across the World

The Storm King has been sold for five kroner, about five shillings.

But, people ask, who is the Storm King? Thirty years ago she was the most famous lifeboat in the world. She was a new type built by a Norwegian skipper, who with only one comrade sailed her from London to Australia in 1889.

His voyage proved that this new type of craft was safe in the roughest seas; yet the merchant navies of the world did not ask the Norwegian to build them more Storm Kings. The boat was too heavy, and so, in spite of his heroic voyage, the poor man's venture was in vain.

Let us hope the Storm King's new owner will preserve her from ship-breaking yards, for she has made a unique voyage for a lifeboat.

POOR BOYS AT ETON

A Chance for the Poorest

It is an old-standing grievance that many of the schools endowed in bygone days for the education of the poor have been diverted to the education of the well-to-do.

Of Eton, at any rate, this cannot be said, for Dr. Alington, the headmaster, tells us that all the money bequeathed for scholarships at Eton goes to poor scholars and none of the rich boys have any share in it.

Moreover, arrangements have now been made by which the poorest boy can go into Eton free of all fees, whether for teaching or for board. Even the case of the boys who cannot afford to pay for clothes and books is met. Of course it costs vastly more today to keep a boy at Eton than it did when the scholarships were first bequeathed.

THE ECHO ROUND THE WORLD

What Will Ten Years See in Wireless?

BEYOND IMAGINATION

Beam wireless has its echo, like the Swiss yodeler's call, but it is produced in a much more amazing way.

The yodeler's call is thrown back to him as it strikes the mountainside. No mountain can throw back a beam wireless signal, yet it is repeated a moment afterwards, just like an echo.

In that moment it has passed over mountain, desert, and sea, *right round the world*. It is an amazing fact which would be an amazing nuisance, too, had not means been found of checking it.

So fast have wireless invention and discovery developed in the past ten years that Commander Grattan, the new Assistant Controller of the Central Telegraph Office, declares it beyond the power of imagination to guess what will have been achieved in another ten years in wireless.

In the cable room at the Central Telegraph Office more than eleven million messages, by cable, radio, and beam wireless, are dealt with in a year.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Burma's Good Plan

Burma is sad because her villages are continually attacked by epidemics and her people die too young.

How can the Government make them believe that sickness does not come from demons, but from rubbish heaps and flies and dirty drinking-water? They will not listen.

The Burma Branch of the Red Cross Society has thought of a way to convince them. It is going to start a model village near Rangoon with proper drainage and pure water and no dirt dumps. After a while people from other villages will find that those who live in the model village do not suffer from epidemics, and will begin to copy it. Instead of building a new village the Red Cross is going to take over Taikkyi, which is notorious for plagues, pestilences, and a high death-rate.

It is an admirable plan, for an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory. A model house has recently been opened in the East End of London to prove to working women that they can have hygienic and labour-saving homes that are pretty and cheap as well.

PUNISHED FOR ILLNESS

An Old Prophecy Justified

Everybody thought old Samuel Butler absurd when he described the ideal country and declared that people would be punished for being ill there.

But his prophecy is coming true. *An English girl has been punished for having bad teeth.*

This girl worked for a firm which employs a doctor and dentist to look after the girls' health, and the dentist discovered that two of her teeth were in a very bad state. The girl refused to have them extracted.

He warned her that the decaying teeth would poison her system, and probably set up a deadly internal disease; he told her that her ill-health might spread to the girls working with her. But she would not consent to the extractions, and the firm dismissed her. She appealed, and a Ministry of Labour umpire who went into the case decided that her dismissal was justified.

So we are coming to Samuel Butler's view that it is everyone's duty to keep himself fit for the sake of others. One day we may agree with another ideal of his—that criminals should be sent to hospital, not prison, where specialists can straighten their crooked minds!

WHAT PARLIAMENT TALKS ABOUT

MUCH ADO ABOUT MANY THINGS

Ceaseless Stream of Questions That Must Be Answered

ONE DAY AT WESTMINSTER

The Mother of Parliaments, who is just about to start work again, has made a change in her working time-table.

Hitherto it has been the custom to start the session's work in February, get through as much as possible by August, and when necessary hold an autumn sitting for the remainder. Henceforth the session is to begin in the autumn and end as early as may be in the summer.

Except in times of political excitement we hear very little of the daily work of Parliament, yet an examination of one day's report of its proceedings offers a startling revelation of variety and wide range of the matters dealt with. Let us look at such a report of work done during the heat wave in the last summer session.

Private Bills

As soon as Mr. Speaker had taken the chair and prayers were over a number of private Bills, as they are called, were given a third reading. These dealt with the harbour at Dover, the drainage of Ilford and Barking, and trolley tramways in two Midland counties.

Then the daily process began of extracting information from Ministers by question and answer. One series of questions concerned the revolt of the people of Bardoli, in India, against the payment of increased land taxes. Then suggestions were made for strengthening the relations between Canada and the Mother Country to meet the growing influence of the United States. Commander Kenworthy, the champion questioner of the House, was concerned about some criticisms the Home Secretary had made of America, and the Prime Minister had to explain that he would have said it rather differently himself.

Model Treaties

The Foreign Secretary explained to Mr. Buxton about the model treaties of conciliation drawn up by a committee of the League of Nations, and gave assurances that neither the Home Government nor its representatives at Cairo had had anything to do with the decision to close the Egyptian Parliament for three years.

Next the question of compensation was examined in the case of a man who had served 18 years' imprisonment on a conviction which had been quashed; and the Home Secretary gave an account of the efforts now made to help prisoners on their discharge. Finally, a full account was given of a railway strike in Madras.

The Budget

The House of Commons then entered into the main business of the day, one more debate on the Budget. A new clause relieved limited companies from stamp duty on the occasion of their reconstruction or amalgamation. Unsuccessful attempts were made to reduce the tax on earned incomes and to make it unnecessary to pay income tax on money spent in making premises healthier.

Next it was agreed that when the Royal Society gave a certificate that an imported film dealt solely with scientific investigations, and was only to be exhibited to some body of scientists, no duty should be charged on it.

After a long but unsuccessful struggle to get the duty taken off turpentine and white oil Mr. Churchill granted an amendment taking the duty off oils used on fishing-boats. Unsuccessful

AN OLD FAMILY PASSES OUT

Since the Days of King John

Hearing of the extinction of very old families is always saddening. An instance has occurred in the lonely valley of Mardale on the eastern side of the Lake District.

There until quite recently lived two aged sisters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Anna Mary Holme. Now one has died the day after the other was buried.

The Holme family had lived in the neighbourhood, it is recorded, since the days of King John, from whose resentment they had escaped to the North from Northamptonshire.

Once they owned nearly the whole of the Mardale valley, and were known locally as the Kings of Mardale. It is a most romantic vale, with Lake Haweswater in its midst, and its upper portion ending in a ring of mountains crossed only by steep passes.

Now the Manchester Corporation has become possessed of the lake and has enlarged it for its water supply, and the family that was once dominant there has become a memory.

Mardale has never had the number of visitors that its beauty and grandeur have demanded.

A MOUSE OF CHARACTER

The Way to the Crocus Bulbs

For its size the shrew mouse is one of the pluckiest of tiny four-limbed creatures, but there is one of its relatives at the Zoo, a field mouse, which must make the whole mouse tribe glory in its exploits.

It came in with a load of mould, and began operations by attacking the crocus bulbs in a garden bed which was the pride of the keeper.

To get at its objective, this gallant "wee, timorous, cowering beastie" has to cross a danger zone of a rock garden inhabited by snakes and lizards.

Fifty resentful snakes have made efforts to add the mouse to their daily fare for more than a month past as we write, but the mouse always evades their attempts to collect it, and carries on.

If the field mouse can carry on till the snakes go into winter quarters, and even a meal of a mouse cannot rouse them from their torpor, it will have established a record in impudence and daring.

Continued from the previous column

attempts were made to get the duty taken off buttons, hollow ware, and lorries for farmers.

So the Report stage was concluded and the Finance Bill was ready for the third reading stage.

Other Bills were advanced a stage without discussion. They dealt with money for the Post Office, justice, prize money in the Navy, education in Scotland, and the representation of Reading University in Parliament.

Meanwhile the House of Lords also had been busy. It considered Bills dealing with the needs of Stoke-on-Trent and Accrington, the Regent's Canal, a London money Bill, a Bill for securing water for the Colne Valley, and a Scottish Education Bill.

The main business of their lordships, however, was the discussion of Bills enabling the Government to give a fixed date to Easter and allowing widowed persons to wed their nephews or nieces by marriage.

Before rising they advanced another batch of Bills dealing with juvenile messengers in Scotland, the slaughter of animals in Scotland, and the adulteration of food and drugs.

The labours of the House of Lords on this occasion occupied one hour and 27 minutes, those of the House of Commons six hours and a half, a good two hours less than usual.

A TALK WITH OUR READERS

What the C.N. Cannot Do

Today we want to have a confidential talk with our readers.

Among the difficulties which most constantly beset a publication like the Children's Newspaper are the appeals that reach it to support innumerable good objects with which our readers know we are in sympathy. Happily, kind and earnest people, in the aggregate, are interested in thousands of such objects. Human goodwill covers the whole Earth with its desire to do good. That it is so is a thought most delightful, and we value the prevalence of the feeling that the C.N. is on the side of all activities that seek to promote the well-being of God's creatures.

Impossible Appeals

But a little reflection will, we are sure, convince anyone that appeals to our readers to help innumerable individual purposes, all good, would be futile even if they were not impossible.

Of course they are impossible. Every reader of the C.N. knows of many good causes needing help, but obviously the C.N. cannot appeal for each of these thousands of good causes, many of which are local, while some are repeated in hundreds of different localities.

Yet that is what we are perpetually asked to do. "What a fine thing it would be," thinks some cordial admirer of the C.N., sure of our sympathy, "if the C.N. would tell its readers all over the world about this good object of ours, and ask for their help."

Our Main Purposes

But he does not remember that there are a million other readers, with a thousand other equally good causes in their minds, having an equal claim to attention; and that the main purposes of the C.N. would be entirely set aside if it were made the mouthpiece of everybody's idea of philanthropy. It is as impossible to advocate a thousand claims as it is to subscribe to them all.

Many of our readers will see this for themselves, but many do not, and because we know their motive is good, and respect their aims, there is much cost of time in writing and explaining the impossibility of what they ask. So here we explain it once for all, and hope to be relieved from a heavy task of uncomfortable denials made to very good friends.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

What Do Butterflies Eat?

They suck nectar from the flowers by means of a long tongue which when not in use is kept curled round.

What is the Whip-Poor-Will?

A nocturnal bird of the eastern United States and Canada known to science as *antrostomus vociferus*. It is allied to the European nightjar and get its popular name from its peculiar call.

Is the Isle of Man About the Same Distance from England, Scotland, and Ireland?

The north coast of the island is much nearer to Scotland than any point is to England or Ireland, but one could select a point about the middle of the island which would be about equidistant from the nearest points on the coasts of the three countries.

What Makes the Sound Come from the Gramophone?

The principle of a talking machine is as follows. When a person talks or sings to make a record the voice causes waves in the air which make a drum vibrate, and this moves a needle to make a zigzag line on a disc. Copies of the disc are made, and when one of these records is placed on the gramophone the needle goes backward and forward in the zigzag line, shakes the drum of the sound box, and sets up similar waves in the air to those caused by the person's voice. The process is, in fact, reversed. The latest method of making records, however, is by means of electric vibrations, set up by the sound waves.

NEWS OF OTHER WORLDS

VENUS AND MARS COMING NEARER

Three Brilliant Planets of the Winter Evenings

HOW TO SEE MERCURY

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus and Saturn may be seen comparatively near together soon after sunset during the early part of next week.

They will be at their closest on November 6 and 7, when Saturn will appear above Venus and between five and six times the Moon's apparent width away.

Venus is now a very brilliant object low in the south-west sky, and may be seen between 4.30 and 5.30 o'clock if the sky is clear and there is an uninterrupted view down to the horizon; she sets before 6 o'clock, while twilight still lingers.

Venus is actually much brighter than Jupiter, which at that time is low in the eastern sky, but the sunset glow will



The relative apparent sizes of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn seen at the present time through a small telescope

reduce the apparent radiance of this lovely planet.

Saturn will appear faint in the twilight, but field-glasses will quickly reveal him; no more is likely to be seen of the planet this year, as he is receding to far beyond the Sun to remote regions 1000 million miles away.

But Venus is coming nearer and increasing in brilliance. At present she is about 125 million miles from us, and in a month will be 110 million miles away, and higher in the evening sky.

Mars, like Venus, is also approaching the Earth, and though at present about 70 million miles away he will be but 56 million miles distant in a month's time. He rises soon after 7 o'clock, and his rosy orb may be readily picked out from among the dazzling multitude in the eastern sky, just below the third-magnitude star Epsilon in Gemini.

So during the coming winter months the evening sky will be adorned with the three brightest planets, Jupiter, Venus, and Mars, each rivalling the other in lustre and interest.

A little world also adorns the morning sky just at present. This is Mercury, but he must be looked for before sunrise. He rises soon after 5 o'clock, though he is not likely to be seen above the mists until about 6 o'clock, when he will be in the south-east and very low down. As the Sun rises at about 7 o'clock the opportunity for finding Mercury will be short.

The Elusive Planet

By the end of the week the slender crescent of the Moon will be in the vicinity, and on Saturday, November 10, at about 6 o'clock in the morning, she will be about ten times her own width away to the right of and above Mercury.

An additional aid for finding this elusive little planet, usually so difficult to locate, would be to note beforehand the point on the horizon where the Sun will rise, and then draw an imaginary line from the Moon to that point; the line will pass near Mercury.

This method may be adopted on Friday morning also, when, however, the Moon will be much farther to the right, or west, of Mercury. He will be but a few days in that region of the sky, for he is rapidly receding from the Earth to the part of his orbit beyond the Sun. At present he is about 90 million miles away and appears, through a telescope, like a tiny half-moon. G. F. M.

HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of
the Junior Cup

Told by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Ripshank, who has just been made a prefect of Eastborough School, returns to his study one afternoon to find the entrance blocked with new furniture clearly labelled with his name.

Wondering who has played this practical joke on him, he questions the juniors, and is favourably impressed by a new boy, Hendry.

Hendry makes a good impression all round; but, in spite of his obvious friendliness, he is puzzled by his cousin Hendrie, whom he meets for the first time.

CHAPTER 11 The Hendry Motto

RIPSHANK seemed surprised to see him.

"So it's you!" he exclaimed. "And what have you got there?" For young Hendry was trying to smuggle the books out of sight. "Don't flatter yourself that you can hide anything from me." Whereupon he began to examine one of the volumes.

He scrutinised it for a long time without a word. He regarded the inscription. He smiled at the bookplate. Then he picked up the second volume and studied it also. After which he turned his gaze full upon Hendry and uttered irrelevantly with a drawl and a smile:

"And speaking of your cousin, my verdant young friend, it may interest you to hear that in future he is to be called Major."

Young Hendry stared. What had this to do with the books? And whatever made Ripshank suddenly begin on his cousin?

"Is that to avoid any muddle between us?" he answered.

"Obviously. Because your names sound identical." Ripshank paused, and, lifting his long body on to the table, he pushed the book aside and sat swinging his legs. "No good in getting your name and his mixed up, is there?" he added, with a curious, very straight look.

"No," said Hendry carelessly. "Will he mind much?"

"Mind what?" Ripshank's tone sounded sharper.

"Mind much being called Major?"

"I shouldn't think so. But if he does he must lump it. Which further reminds me: have you happened to notice that your cousin doesn't knock about much with his own year?"

Young Hendry's face was quite blank. What did that mean.... his own year?

"But I daresay you've not been here long enough yet to twig that?" Ripshank continued evenly and unsmiling. "It's good for fellows to knock about with the chaps of their own age, with people who came at the same time as they did, you know."

Young Hendry nodded. "Yes, naturally," he responded. Then he looked at Ripshank speculatively for a moment. "You are not," he exclaimed, "saying anything against my cousin? If you are (his face stirred almost hotly) I'd rather you didn't."

"Splendid!" Ripshank was laughing. "Sit on me, would you!" In his amusement he looked more than ever like some wise, kindly owl. Then he picked up one of the ancient volumes again. "It seems that these were given to the library by a Hendry. What relation?"

"My grandfather," Hendry said. "So you came in to have a squint at them?"

"Yes," Hendry owned.

Ripshank made a long face. "It's tough luck," he groaned, "that Eastborough has had to put up with such tons of you Hendrys!" He waited to be confronted by indignation. But when only a placid

and unmoved stare came in response he shook his head as one who gives up a bad job, and went on lightly: "Well, you don't agree, do you? You think it's been a jolly good thing for Eastborough?"

"No, I don't," said Hendry, "because I don't think anything about it."

"I should, in your shoes," Ripshank uttered in a new tone.

Then he looked at the third book, the one young Hendry had brought with him. "Oh," he said, "so you're going to make the library a present as well. I must say you're starting early."

Hendry tried to recover it. "I'm not," he broke in. "I wanted—"

"Well, don't stop there. You wanted what?"

"You ask such a lot of questions!" Hendry said daringly.

Ripshank frowned. Then twinkled. "And you've got to answer them."

"I brought this other book of mine to compare it."

"With what?"

"With the bookplate."

"Oh, the bookplate!" laughed Ripshank. "You Hendrys do yourselves proud with bookplates and all. I never boasted a bookplate, but if I possessed one I wouldn't have such a topsy-turvy arrangement. What's this mangy animal sprawling on yours?"

"It's a bear," murmured Hendry. "It's part of our coat-of-arms."

"I see," drawled Ripshank. "And what's that scrawl at the bottom?"

"It isn't a scrawl; it's a scroll," said Hendry uncomfortably. "It's the scroll of our motto, the family motto."

"Splendid and splendid!" Ripshank cried mockingly. And then his manner changed. "Look here," he said in a quiet voice.

"I don't want to be inquisitive, but is it a fact that you couldn't have come here unless you had had that entrance scholarship?"

"Yes. Or otherwise I wouldn't have taken the schol," young Hendry answered, this time without any embarrassment. "My father lost all his money. We're very hard up—"

Ripshank would have stopped him, but he went on.

"It wasn't my father's fault that he lost all his money. Some business concern with which he was connected went smash, so he gave up all his money and everything to help the people who'd lost by it. He needn't have done, but—"

"I know," Ripshank broke in at last. "I know," he repeated. "I happen to read the papers, and I read all about it. They said your father had done a wonderfully white thing."

"But how could he do anything else!" exclaimed young Hendry, staring.

Down from the table slipped Ripshank. "This motto of yours? It's all in old English. I can't decipher it. Read it."

And back came the youngster's embarrassment. "Oh, what does it matter?"

"I want to hear it."

"It's easy enough to make out."

"All right. Then I must make it out for myself." Ripshank read slowly. "My honour stands on my own actions, not on those of others."

He knitted his brows. "Now, what does that mean exactly?"

"I don't know," mumbled the youngster.

"You do," declared Ripshank.

Thus driven into a corner young Hendry translated. But he did so haltingly, and betraying the grimmest reluctance, for one felt such a fool discussing one's family motto with a senior who was possibly making fun all the time; and unquestionably Ripshank's brown face was all puckered up with fresh merriment.

"My father has always told me," young Hendry confessed, "it means that what other people may do to us can't stain our honour, but only anything dishonourable which we do ourselves."

Ripshank nodded. The amusement in his eyes faded. Without a word he restored the books to the youngster and, looking him up and down again, strolled to the door. But there he paused and spoke, very quietly, over his shoulder.

"A decent motto," he said. "And I daresay," he added, under his breath, "you'll live up to it."

CHAPTER 12 In a Nasty Hole

How risky it was, how monstrously daring and risky, for the youth who had ordered those fine things in Ripshank's name to revisit the scene of his engaging exploit. For, although he hurried past with his face turned away, he did not go fast enough to escape Mr. Frute, whose restless eyes lighted eagerly and decisively as he darted out in pursuit, not without invocations.

These brought his coy customer down like a shot from a gun, for an altercation in the street was impossible. Therefore, uttering "Shut up, Frute! Don't make such a shindy!" he consented to be escorted back to the shop, where he folded his arms and waited for Frute to begin.

The little man wasted no time. He began with rebukes, then proceeded to the damage done to his furniture. "That," he concluded, "is going to cost you four pounds, sir. And now I remember your name, though I didn't before, I tell you straight I'll expose you to Mr. Ripshank unless you let me have that four pounds straight away."

Without turning a hair his customer echoed: "Four pounds!"

"Yes. Four pounds. Eighty shillings," averred Mr. Frute.

"Knock off the nought and I'll pay you," was the reply.

Mr. Frute winced, and snapped: "It's no good being funny."

"Well, eight bob's all I've got," said his customer calmly.

"Now, this won't do, sir. I wouldn't shield you for a minute if you hadn't from time to time spent a good bit here. When you brought the order the other week I recognised your face, but I couldn't place you. Now I've placed you there's nothing on earth to stop me from going to Mr. Ripshank or to your Housemaster. You wouldn't like that, sir—if I went up to your Housemaster."

"No; candidly I shouldn't. Now look here, Frute, old thing, you've got to be sensible. How could I dream that the jolly old things

would get so chewed up? I thought Ripshank would just sling them back at you as he received them."

"I daresay you did, sir. But it isn't my fault they got damaged." "Nor mine," the other said pleasantly.

"I can't agree, sir. You should never have ordered the things."

"Oh, I'll stand the racket; but you've got to give me time, Frute."

"Impossible!" the little man answered curtly.

"That's rubbish."

"No, sir, it isn't. I've my own bills to meet."

Apparently the pair had arrived at a deadlock, and one of them, at least, was losing his buoyancy. This was the airy youth who seemed to have been under the delusion that he could go on treating the whole affair as a joke.

So lightly he had entered upon this joke; he had thought nothing of it; and now it had mounted to this! To make use of another person's name, to copy his signature, had appeared such a trifle; but how he now lamented the chapter of accidents which had converted it into such a catastrophe.

For in fact he had not four pounds, or anything like it. And he could see no mortal means of securing the money. This he now told Mr. Frute earnestly, flippancy gone, and in its place every symptom of honest despair.

Mr. Frute answered promptly, "You must write home for it."

"I daresay," said the other. "I can't, Frute. I'm always getting wiggings from home for extravagance."

"That I can't help."

"No. But do listen, Frute. Directly I write home for a big sum like that my father would want to know what I wanted it for. I couldn't spin any sort of yarn to convince him; so I'd have to own up, and the fat would be in the fire."

Frute pondered this in silence for a few moments. It would not be playing the game with Ripshank, he thought, to mention his guarantee that he should not lose; on the contrary, he must press this chap all he could in accordance with his counter-promise to Ripshank. So safe himself, though momentarily inconvenienced, when he realised that his debtor was really in earnest he began to make some allowances, and to consult himself whether they could not hit on a means to save trouble.

"Well, sir," he pronounced at last, undoing his apron before leading the way to his little room at the back, "you're in a nasty hole, and that's pretty flat. Sit you down, sir." He was pouring out lemonade; and his eyes sparkled happily, as they always did when he offered his small hospitalities. "Now, how much a week, sir, do you think you can pay me?"

The other emptied the glass. He needed refreshing.

"I've got eight bob," he replied.

"I can pay you that now."

"Well, you might give me some security till you paid up."

"You mean, let you have something worth money?"

"Aye. That would be better than nothing," sighed Mr. Frute.

"I haven't anything—"

But there the youth paused, with a start. He rose and stood, thinking hard. "Supposing," he uttered at last with a tentative air, "that I were to leave something valuable with you."

"Why, then," Mr. Frute interposed, "I'd wait for my money."

"Good! Let it stand over a day or two."

"Will you come in and tell me on Saturday?"

"Yes, indeed I will, Frute. I'll let you know then if it's possible."

The little man jumped up.

"Then that's all right," he was chirruping. "Till Saturday we are good friends, sir."

Having taken the rest of the lemonade and his leave, the other began to climb the hill—very thoughtfully. And sometimes he frowned, and sometimes he smiled to himself. But, on the whole, he did more frowning than smiling.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Portrait Painter

ALL the chief nations of Europe, from Germany southward, have produced great artists: Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, France, England.

England came into the realm of art rather late. For instance, if we want to see real pictures of Englishmen of the reign of, say, Henry the Eighth we find the best were not painted by Englishmen. They were painted by a German. Later, many of them were painted by Dutchmen. These early continental artists found better employment in England than abroad till English art improved.

The greatest artist of South Germany, a man of very varied skill, did not make a really good living by his brush, pencil, or pen till he came to England. His father was an artist before him, but unsuccessful. The son sought better fortune at Basle, in Switzerland, and the town became his home almost to the time of his death, even when he was winning fame and a considerable fortune elsewhere.

At Basle he drew blocks for books, did decorative work, painted religious subjects, and excelled in portraiture. He also had chances of studying Italian art, which gave greater grace and softness to his style.

And then he came to England. It was his friend the great scholar Erasmus who gave him an introduction to the most distinguished Englishman of that period, Sir Thomas More, Chancellor to Henry the Eighth. And here he found an almost unlimited demand for portraits. There are 87 drawings of his still preserved in Windsor Castle.

His success in England continued. He became attached to the English Court as the royal painter, and King Henry sent him abroad to paint the portraits of people whose features he desired to see, including one lady whom the King married and another whom he only thought of marrying. Before he had reached his fiftieth year, and while he was painting a picture for the king, the artist was struck down by the plague, and died in London.

Though this great German painter who attained success in England is best known as a painter of most faithful portraits, expressing the character of the sitters, whom he has preserved for all future generations, it would be a mistake to think of him as only a portrait painter.

His artistic power and grace appear in both his historical and religious paintings, and he ranks among the artists who will always retain a place in the history of art. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





The Sailing Clouds Go By Like Ships Upon the Sea



THE BRAN TUB

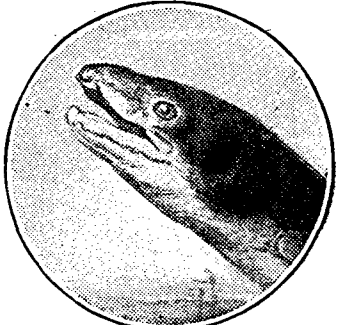
A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

A product of the field that is eaten by both man and beast. To lie over against. A pipe. Part of a plant.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Conger Eel

The Conger is a giant eel common off the coasts of Europe, Africa, Tasmania, and Japan. The female grows to a length of six feet or more, but the male is less than a yard long. They have large mouths and formidable teeth, and, unlike the true eels, they have no scales. The depth of their colour seems to depend somewhat on whether they live among rocks or sandbanks. They feed chiefly by night, and prey on crustaceans and such fish as herrings and pilchards. Large numbers of them are caught, for their flesh is edible.

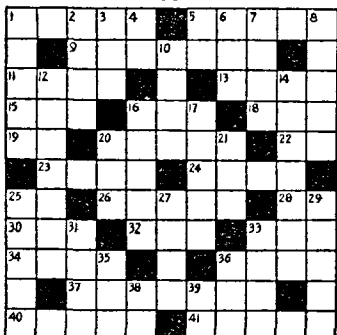
Testing a Wireless Set

THE most common trouble with a newly-made wireless set is failure to pick up signals even from the local station. The fault may be in one of the components, but is more likely to be due to the omission of a wire, or to a badly-soldered connection between two wires, or a dirty wire or terminal.

To check the wiring the constructor should have the diagram before him, and as a wire on the set is checked the corresponding wire on the diagram should be marked off. By this means any missing wire or other fault in wiring will be discovered.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. To give way. 5. Middle ears. 9. Splendid qualities. 11. Very sharp. 13. To do business. 15. Organ of hearing. 16. The edge. 18. Regret. 19. Linnaean Society (abbrev.). 20. Cupolas. 22. Road (abbrev.). 23. Pronoun. 24. Waits for no man. 25. Exists. 26. A colourless liquid. 28. Heraldic term for gold. 30. To turn aside. 32. And not. 33. A beverage. 34. Fresh. 36. An entreaty. 37. Car of an airship. 40. To evade adroitly. 41. Colour fixers.

Reading Down. 1. A country bumpkin. 2. Always. 3. Scottish for waterfall. 4. Doctor (abbrev.). 5. French for of the. 6. A primary colour. 7. The enjoyment of a right. 8. Furnished with a sole. 10. Adjust. 12. Pertaining to the East. 14. The corona of the Sun. 16. Relating to Italy's capital. 17. A measuring instrument. 20. Moisture condensed from the atmosphere. 21. Baronet's title. 25. Hirsute appendage. 27. A large volume. 29. Paper measures. 31. To separate by force. 33. To the lee side. 35. To oscillate. 36. To use with diligence. 38. Church of England (abbrev.). 39. Lady Day (abbrev.).

Other Worlds Next Week

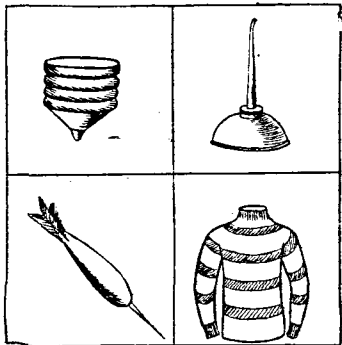
IN the evening the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-West, Jupiter is in the South, Mars South-East, and Uranus South-West by South. In the morning Mercury is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on November 7.



How Jersey Cows Got Their Name

JERSEY cows, the smallest of all dairy cattle, are natives of Jersey in the Channel Islands. They vary greatly in colour from yellow through the browns to black, but the common colour is fawn with dark legs. Jerseys have rounded bodies, small broad heads with short horns often crumpled, and short legs.

A Hidden Reptile



FIND the names of these objects and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word and arranging them in their proper order, spell the name of a reptile that has a shell.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Watson?

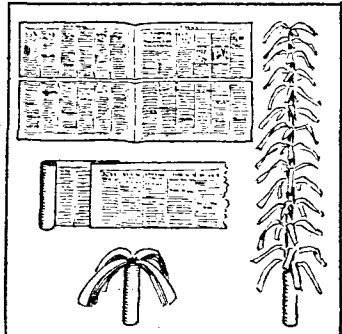
THIS literally means the son of Wat. Wat being a shortened form of Walter, and the earliest person to receive the surname Watson must have been a descendant of someone who was the son of a man with the personal or Christian name of Walter, Walter's or Wat's son.

The Paper Tree

A WONDERFUL fir tree can be made in a few minutes out of an old newspaper.

We take two double sheets of the newspaper and cut these across the middle to make four very wide strips, as shown in the first picture. Then taking one strip we roll it up and just before it is quite rolled insert the beginning of the next strip and continue rolling. Then when that is nearly rolled we insert the third strip, and so on till all four have been rolled up.

Next we press the roll flat and, inserting a sharp knife, slit down the tube for half its length on each side. We now press it flat along the other



axis, and again slit on each side for half the length. One end of the tube is thus cut into four sections, which we fold back along the length of the tube.

All we now have to do is to insert a finger in the tube at the cut end and draw out for more than three times the length of the tube when we have a tall fir tree with its many branches all round, as shown in the last picture.

Jacko in the Orchestra

JACKO made himself scarce one day when his mother was giving a tea-party. He hardly liked missing the nice buns and cakes, but handing round tea-cups was more than he could stand.

"Last time I dropped the muffin-dish," he told Chimp, "believe me, all the old ladies went crazy."

"Well, I expect it did make a bit of a din," said Chimp. "I should try the cake-stand this time."

"I shan't be there," said Jacko. And he was as good as his word. When one of the ladies asked his mother where her charming little boy was Mrs. Jacko hadn't the slightest idea.

"He ought to be here," she said, "but I expect he is watching some football match. Boys will be boys!"

As a matter of fact, Jacko was watching a football match. But when it was over he made no attempt to come home. He dawdled about in the streets to make quite sure that he didn't get back before the old ladies had gone.

"I only hope they haven't eaten all the cakes," he said anxiously. "I'm beginning to feel hungry."

Just then he passed the Town Hall. A very curious noise was going on inside, and in a second Jacko was poking his nose round the door.

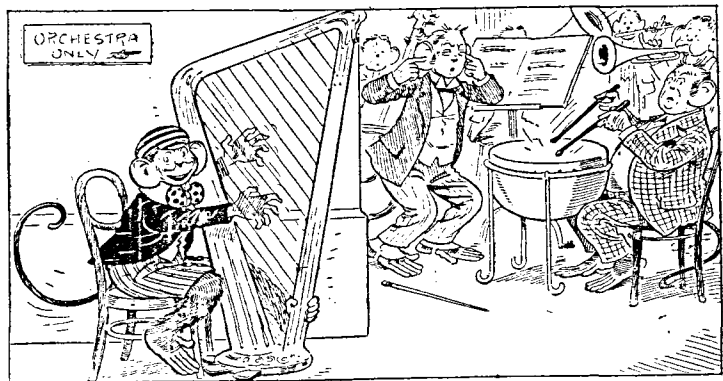
"Coo! What a caterwauling!" he said.

Fortunately nobody inside the hall heard what he said. For the noise was being made by an orchestra.

Jacko watched it all with a broad grin on his face. He thought it a very amusing sight.

"I wish Chimp were here," he said to himself. "He'd roar at the sight of that fat man playing the drum!"

The conductor evidently wasn't pleased at the way things



"Terrible! Terrible!" wailed the conductor

were going. He kept stopping the orchestra and making very scathing remarks.

Jacko soon got tired of being merely a spectator.

"I feel a bit out of things," he said with a mischievous grin. And he slipped into the orchestra and sat down behind a harp which was standing by itself at the back.

It was not long before the conductor stopped again.

"Terrible! Terrible!" he wailed, putting his hands over his ears. "Oh, the discords! Now which of you is doing it?"

But nobody had noticed Jacko and his musical contributions, and soon the orchestra started up again.

This time the conductor threw down his baton.

"I will not conduct this orchestra!" he roared. "Again I ask which of you is spoiling the music?"

Alas for Jacko, the fat man with the drum had caught sight of him, and the next instant he was being hauled out in front of the orchestra.

The conductor picked up his baton again. "One, two, three!" he shouted. But it was not for the music. He was making very good use of his baton in an entirely different way!

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE missel thrush begins to sing again. The song of the skylark ceases. The hooded crow arrives. Among trees now quite stripped of their leaves are the sycamore, hazel, guelder rose, horse chestnut, lilac, ash, apple, laburnum, hornbeam, whitethorn, and cherry.

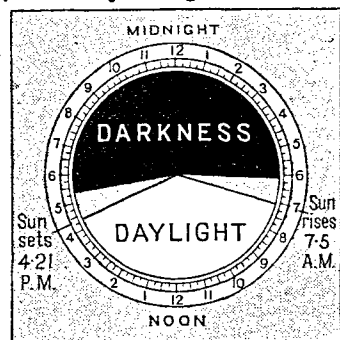
Ici On Parle Français



Le nid La sauterelle Le collier

Il n'y a que trois œufs dans ce nid. Les sauterelles ravagent les récoltes. Les colliers se portent autour du cou.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Dr. MERRYMAN

The Cover

VERY Modern Artist: Now what do you think of that? Isn't it fine? I painted it as a cover design.

Very Candid Friend: Ah! If only you could design a cover for it!

Quite Easy

"I CAN never remember your telephone number, Professor," said a friend with a bad memory.

"It is 742," said the Professor. "You can remember it by associating it with the year of Charlemagne's birth."

A Hazy Answer



"WHY do fogs happen?" Snorum asked, "Answer me quickly, if you please." "I can't," said Snip, who loves a pun. "It's one of Nature's mist-eries!"

Snubbed

THE bumptious young man was trying to create an impression at a party.

"Oh, yes," he said to a lady guest, "I am something of a thought reader. I can tell just what a person is thinking."

"Really?" queried the lady. "Then I beg your pardon. I had no intention of hurting your feelings."

His Daily Trip

THE traveller's tales were most interesting. After a while he asked his listeners whether any of them had been round the world.

"No," was the general reply. "But," added one man, "I go round with it pretty often."

Not Good Enough

SOLICITOR: I will certainly take up your case. I feel sure I can get justice for you.

Client: Well, if you can't do better than that I must get another solicitor.

Judging By Size

WHEN the ship dropped her anchor a Whale blundered by with a flick of his tail.

"That huge hook," chuckled he, "Must be meant for big me— This is what I call fishing to scale!"

Real Merit

HE was very anxious to learn all he could about art, and when he met the famous connoisseur he plied him with questions.

"That plaster group statuary our grandparents were so fond of," he said. "Was there any real merit in it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the connoisseur. "It was very easily broken."

Very Deep

JACK: How deep is this river? Fred: A stone's throw.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Word Diamond

M	LOSE
PIN	LONE
MILES	LINE
NET	FINE
S	FIND

Jumbled Conveyances

Victoria, balloon, wagonette, parachute, sedan, dogcart.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Chimney.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 3, 1928

Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad or 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

THE BIGGEST DOGS • A MODERN VIKING • OPERATION ON A SWAN



A Four-in-Hand—This beautiful picture shows a lady with her faithful outdoor friends and suggests the strength and size of the Great Dane, biggest of all the tame dogs.



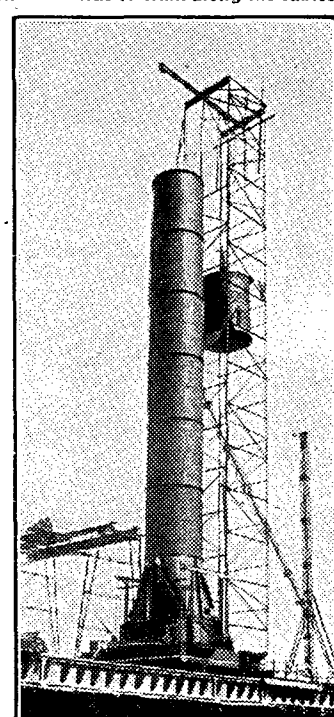
How to Cross the Road—Workmen fixing new overhead electric cables near Leicester found the quickest way of reaching the next section of their work was to walk along the cables.



Modern Vikings—When some modern Vikings visited Powell in California for a Norway Day celebration their ship bore this weird figure-head.



Going to School—Most children take a great pride in their first school satchel. It appears that these quaint little folk are no exception to the rule, even carrying umbrellas to ensure the greatest possible protection for their treasures. The umbrellas are not likely to be needed, however, for the little people are only dolls and their home is a store in Berlin, where they have become very popular.



An Iron Chimney—This picture shows how a factory chimney is built of iron cylinders. It is quicker and cheaper to build than a brick chimney.



Operation on a Swan—On page 2 is the story of a swan of the River Avon that swallowed a fish-hook and was operated on by the Birmingham branch of the R.S.P.C.A. The cross shows where the hook was found.



Home Again—The Avon swan is returned to its home after a fortnight in Birmingham.



Before and After Work—This picture, taken at the pithead of a Kent colliery, shows the contrast between the boy who has just come to the surface, grimed with coal-dust, and the boy who is just going to work.

HOW LORD RUMMAGE TIDIED ENGLAND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper for transmission by Canadian Post. Subscription rates: Inland and Abroad, 11s. per year; 5s. 6d. for six months. It can also be obtained (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.